

BRINGING HISTORY INTO ACCORD WITH THE FACTS IN THE TRADITION OF DR. HARRY ELMER BARNES

THE BARNES REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF NATIONALIST THOUGHT & HISTORY

VOLUME XIX NUMBER 6

NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 2013

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The Gray Ghost

Recounting the Exploits
of Col. John S. Mosby

ALSO ...

- Mosby's last meeting with Gen. Lee
- The hidden victims of Sharpsburg
- Marye's Heights: Fact & Fiction

ALSO INCLUDED IN THIS ISSUE ...

- The legacy of Confederate Gen. Albert Pike in history
- Relatives of famed assassin insist they hid Lincoln's killer
- The last message of Jeff Davis to the people of the Confederacy
- The role of war dogs in the Civil War and other military conflicts
- The Cherokee War of 1776 • The great Grand Canyon cover-up

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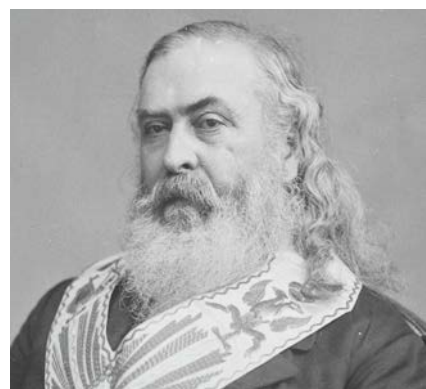
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57 In the early 1900s, a respectable newspaper out West detailed the findings of a group of relic seekers who alleged they had found a cache of ancient artifacts in one of the hundreds of caves in the Grand Canyon. But did the Smithsonian spike the discovery for its own political reasons?



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SPECIAL ALL-AMERICAN EDITION

This issue, TBR is bringing you a special “all-American” edition with a focus on some fascinating Civil War history. Of course, we prefer to refer to it as the War Between the States because this was no civil war. A civil war would have required a desire by the South to conquer and subdue the North. In fact, all the South wanted to do was leave the union.

Think about it: Just 150 years ago the United States was engaged in a massive military conflict reaching to nearly every corner of this land. Huge armies were moving north, south, east and west and engaging at every opportunity in tragic bloodbaths. A little more than 150 years ago, the Battle of Gettysburg had just concluded with a staggering loss of life: More than 51,000 men were killed or wounded in the three-day affair. And 151 years ago the Battle of Sharpsburg (Antietam) had just ended: over 22,000 American men were killed or wounded in just one day. In the end, 1.1 million Americans are estimated to have died in just four years of war with another 475,880 maimed and wounded—needlessly.

But is that all “ancient” history? Is the War Between the States still pertinent today? What lessons have we learned (or failed to learn) from the deadliest conflict in which America has ever engaged? Well, yes, the “Civil War” is important for several reasons.

First, it was the “Civil War” that gave Abraham Lincoln the opportunity to turn America into a modern-day police state with the goal of suppressing any and all dissent. During the conflict, Lincoln waged his own war against “whistleblowers” and “peace lovers” that would put Barack Obama’s “indefinite detentions” to shame.

Second, the “Civil War” was America’s first modern war; a war for the benefit of bankers and armaments makers on a grand scale. This was the war that saw the first development and use of iron-clad war vessels in combat, the first use of sea mines, the first use of repeating rifles in combat, the first widespread use of land mines, the first use of practical machine guns, the first use of aerial reconnaissance, the first use of mobile siege artillery, the first multi-manned submarines and the first use of the draft. In short, American ingenuity was refocused on developing bigger, better ways to kill our fellow human beings.

Third, the war gave Lincoln the excuse to institute an “income tax”—levied to finance the astronomical cost of the war.

And fourth, though rarely discussed, the war was a disaster for civilians on both sides. (See our story starting on page 18.)

Unfortunately, it seems like very little has changed. Today wars are still waged for the benefit of bankers and munitions makers, and dissenters are routinely smeared and imprisoned. Civilians still suffer—maybe not much here in the U.S.—but certainly in the nations we bomb. In short, it was our “Civil War” that opened the door for it all. ♦

—PAUL T. ANGEL, MANAGING EDITOR

HITLER & THE BIG LIE(S)

If there's one thing all readers of *THE BARNES REVIEW* agree upon, it's this: There's no other magazine like TBR. However, our subscribers have quite diverse views of some very controversial issues and individuals, in particular that most infamous villain of all villains, Adolf Hitler.

Over the years, TBR has taken a lot of heat for suggesting Hitler wasn't the devil incarnate and that it wasn't Hitler who started World War II, that the real demons in human form were the likes of Winston Churchill, Josef Stalin and Franklin D. Roosevelt, supported by an unholy host of parasitic plutocrats, arms manufacturers and other scavengers feeding on the bountiful harvest of war.

Naturally, TBR isn't surprised to hear from its critics in this regard. We relish it. After all, the entirety of the mass media not to mention academia is in the hands of an elite few who are the modern-day representatives of those very forces of the 20th century whose power Hitler dared to challenge.

However—and this will surprise many TBR loyalists—we've discovered time and again that there is a large number of TBR readers who also have a negative opinion of Mr. Hitler. But their views are different from the view of Hitler expressed in the controlled media, i.e., that Hitler was the mass architect of an elaborate and tragic genocide of the Jewish people.

These folks believe some or all of the following (to one degree or another):

- That Hitler was a Jew or a “crypto-Jew.”
- That Hitler was a spawn of the Rothschilds or some other Jewish dynasty.
- That Hitler was a tool—witting or unwitting—of Zionism, working to establish a Jewish state in Palestine.
- That if Hitler wasn't a Rothschild by blood, he was certainly an agent of their interests.
- That Hitler was a tool of the New World Order.

None of this is true. It is baseless rumor, cobbled together without regard for known facts. And while many good people believe this nonsense, the truth is that many

of these rumors are disinformation (ironically, largely from communist and Jewish sources) that has now taken on a life of its own as a consequence of the growing influence of a lot of Internet charlatans who trumpet this silliness.

Here's the bottom line: TBR will continue to push forward, reporting just the facts (and refuting the lies) about Hitler, hoping the truth will break through to some of those who have not yet figured things out. TBR publisher Willis

Carto's popular essay “A Straight Look at the Second World War” is one of our projects in that realm.

We expect to do a lot more in the future.*

Meanwhile, for this “all-American” issue of TBR we're taking a break from Hitler and World War II (popular subjects for most TBR readers) and devoting many of our pages to an interesting array of material relating to America's War Between the States. Think: Just 150 years ago Americans were killing fellow Americans by the tens of thousands right here on American soil—an event we hope will never be repeated—merely because some wanted freedom from the suffocating involvement of the United States federal government in their

daily lives and business affairs.

Today, we are keeping our eye on the secession movements growing in several U.S. states and pray that our central government will allow these states to go their separate ways, if they so choose, without the use of military force to suppress their desire for real freedom.

But, in the end, perhaps TBR readers will keep in mind that the hellfire that enveloped Germany—much like the War Between the States consumed the American South—occurred precisely because Adolf Hitler dared to stand up to the same parasitic global New World Order banking cartels that were behind fomenting unrest in the 1860s right here in America as they are today.**

—MICHAEL COLLINS PIPER
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

*See an ad for “A Straight Look at the Second World War” on page 6.

** See TBR, September/October 2005, “How the Secret Empire Instigated the Civil War,” by Cushman Cunningham.—Ed.



ADOLF HITLER
History's most maligned figure.

THE GRAY GHOST:

The astonishing exploits of Col. John S. Mosby

THE HEROIC JOHN SINGLETON MOSBY eluded the efforts of Union troops to capture him throughout the War Against the South, earning the nickname of the “Gray Ghost.” Special counter-partisan units were organized to squash him. One such force faced off against Mosby in West Virginia. The guerrillas defeated the unit and captured its leader. At the end of the war, Mosby was one of the few Confederate leaders who never surrendered, although ordered to do so. He remains an inspiration to all patriotic young men and his tactics are studied even today.

By E. Stanley Rittenhouse

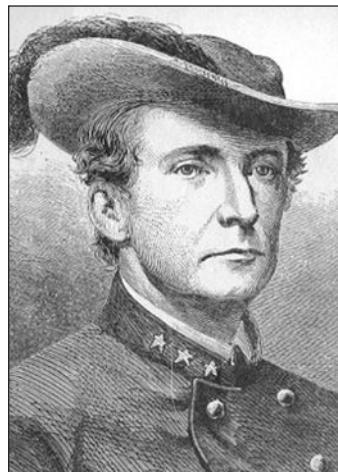
The “Gray Ghost,” Col. John Singleton Mosby, was a guerrilla fighter for the South so successful in his endeavors that if he were to be captured, he and any of his rangers were to be hanged on the spot. This reflected the fear the feds had of Mosby. He was so victorious that he tied up thousands of federals throughout northern Virginia, in their terror, among other things, that the U.S. president might be in jeopardy.

A true hero, Mosby was greatly respected among the Confederates.

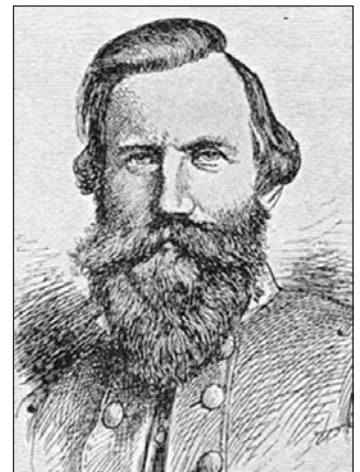
With all of his exposure to danger during his many daring raids, he was never caught. However, Gen. Robert E. Lee, who was a close friend, observed that his only fault was that he was always getting wounded—some six times.

Mosby was born December 6, 1833, in Powhatan County, Va. and died at age 82 on May 30, 1916 (Memorial Day) in Washington, D.C. As a youngster he lived within view of Thomas Jefferson’s Monticello. He was slight of build, at 5’8” and 125 pounds, and a sickly youth.

He had a keen sense of righteousness, was ethical and fair. Throughout his life he made a distinction be-



JOHN MOSBY



J.E.B. STUART

tween the right and the wrong, and he treated the two accordingly, whether in dealing with a bully or exposing theft and corruption as a government employee.

A very intelligent gentleman, he was also a teetotaler, loved literature and was familiar with the classics.

After the war he was a highly successful lawyer. Had he not attempted to heal the gap between the North and the South by befriending President Grant (the man who had put out the order that Col. Mosby was to be hanged if caught), his financial situation would have been more prosperous. This endeavor, which reflected



loyalty to his country, almost cost him his life as one good old boy of the South attempted to shoot him as he came off the train from Washington at Warrenton, Virginia.

Both Mosby and his wife, nee Pauline Mariah Clarke, were well bred, from prominent families. When he first saw Pauline, he immediately recognized her character and quality, which included her intelligence and beauty. She gave birth eight times in 18 years and at age 39 died in childbirth, May 10, 1876. The colonel never remarried.

Mosby's mentor was Gen. J.E.B. Stuart, for whom he did some scouting work early on in the war. Stuart recognized Mosby's talent and gave him orders to form Company A, 43rd Battalion of the Virginia Cavalry, better known as Mosby's Rangers. The initial troop consisted of nine men, which later grew to 400 rangers. He preferred young men between 17-20 years of age for they were so willing to obey as well as being a little naive to the danger they were about to face. He saw the advantage of having partisan rangers, not regulars. This approach would entitle his men to the spoils of war. Many accumulated enough to buy farms at the end of the war.

Colonel Mosby's men were a dedicated band of Southern partisans who pulled off some of the most amazing exploits of the war. Pictured above are Mosby and some of his men. Top row (left to right): Lee Herverson, Ben Palmer, John Puryear, Tom Booker, Norman Randolph, Frank Raham. Second row: Robert Blanks Parrott, John Troop, John W. Munson, John S. Mosby, Newell, Neely, Quarles. Third row: Walter Gosden, Harry T. Sinnott, Butler, Gentry. Photo from *The Photographic History of The Civil War in Ten Volumes: Vol. Four*, 1911.

"Colonel Mosby's mentor was Gen. J.E.B. Stuart, for whom he did some scouting work early on in the war. His talent was quickly recognized."

And their youth never hindered their effectiveness. This reflected the leadership of their leader. Mosby's practice was to keep the rangers in the dark about his plans until the last minute.

His choice of weapons was a Colt .44, preferring a handgun over a rifle or saber. Each ranger was to have at least two handguns; but many carried as many as four, five or six revolvers.

Often, when leading a charge, Mosby would use a horn used in a foxhunt. His guerrilla warfare was mainly in Virginia's Loudoun and Fauquier counties, from Aldie to the Shenandoah Valley, an area of many foxhunts. Today, Route 50 runs up the middle of his territory, with the terrain and many buildings the same that Mosby viewed as he was driving the Union forces toward oblivion.

In nearly all engagements, he was greatly outnumbered. The Mosby campaign lasted 28 months but in that time he drove those Yankees mad. He would attack without warning and as quickly disappear. This enraged the North, especially since he was never captured.

His reputation grew. There was one close encounter when he faked his death by smearing his blood from a wound. He was effective in this, for the Union forces left him for dead. After his recovery, he suddenly appeared on the battlefield and once again the federals had to admit that he was truly the "Gray (the color of his uniform) Ghost."

As a young man, he was fascinated by the guerrilla tactics of Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox" of South Carolina during the American Revolutionary War. He applied Marion's tactics to Abe Lincoln's War. After the war, Col. Mosby was a lawyer in California for Leland Stanford (Stanford U.), president of the Southern Pacific Railroad. While in California he would visit some friends, the Patton family. Their young son George S. and he would go to the beach, and the colonel would tell him stories of his exploits as a guerrilla fighter. Years later, Gen. George S. Patton Jr. became a guerrilla fighter using tanks instead of rangers. Thus, three great American heroes became related; from the Revolutionary War, to Lincoln's War, to World War II with Col. Mosby right in the middle. There was always a certain destiny to John Singleton Mosby.

Because of his size, he was subject when young to

being bullied. This came to a head while a student at Virginia University (UVA), the campus bully, George Turpin, was angered at fellow student Mosby when some musicians played for Mosby's party instead of Turpin's. As was his *modus operandi*, Turpin would verbally threaten to beat one up at the next encounter. In one case, he nearly killed a fellow student. Mosby, not one to back down, replied to his threat initially accepting the beating that would follow but this time he packed an old pepperbox pistol for the confrontation. When Turpin rushed him, Mosby shot him in the neck, which reflected his sense of justice as even the judge later acknowledged. Turpin recovered. Mosby served nine months in jail and was fined \$500. He was later pardoned by the governor.

With his sense of justice, he felt no guilt. He had a keen sense of righteousness, making a distinction between the right and wrong and acting accordingly, which he did all of his life whether as a soldier or as a consular official in Hong Kong, where he witnessed government employee fraud, which he exposed, or as a crusading government lawyer. He was once offered a bribe and immediately had the briber arrested. Our country needs a Mosby today.

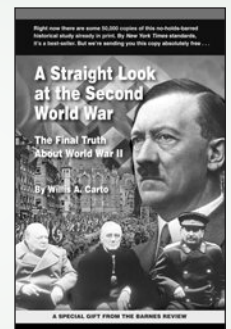
At first, Mosby told a friend that he would fight for the Union. But after President Lincoln called up 75,000 volunteers to invade the South, he became a true Southerner. When the vote came for secession in Fauquier County, Virginia, there were only four votes not to secede.

A famous and glamorous and classic example of guerrilla warfare was when Mosby, on March 8, 1863, at Fairfax Court House, captured Brig. Gen. Edwin H. Stoughton, a West Point graduate, of a prominent family in Vermont. As Mosby awoke him out of bed, the general angrily shouted, "Do you know who I am?"

Mosby replied: "I reckon I do, General. Did you ever hear of Mosby?" "Yes! Have you caught him?" asked the

Help Distribute Copies of *A Straight Look at the Second World War*

Copies of this 16-page color booklet by TBR publisher Willis A. Carto are just \$1 each in the U.S. The booklet was sent free to all TBR subscribers in the July/August 2013 edition of TBR. The booklet discusses many unsettling truths about World War II that are completely at odds with the mainstream historical establishment's "conclusions" about the worst war in global history. In the end, the booklet determines that World War II was the greatest disaster to befall the white race in its long and glorious history; a disaster from which we are still—even today—recovering. The booklet comes complete with TBR brochure and mailing envelopes in which you can dispense the booklet by mail or by hand. It's a great, inexpensive way to introduce others to the factual, historical information they'll find in every issue of TBR. To get your copies of *A Straight Look at the Second World War*, use the form on page 72 of this issue and return to TBR, P.O. Box 15877, Washington, D.C. 20003. Call TBR toll free at 1-877-773-9077, Mon.-Thu., 9-4:30 PT to charge. If you would like to order more than 10, please call 202-547-5586 and leave a mes-



general. "No, but he has caught you," answered Mosby.

He had captured a brigadier general, 30 men and 58 horses, and all without firing a shot or losing a man. And all of this was done among 3,500 federals. With the odds that great, it appears that he might have had some help from Above.

Another of his daring experiences was his escape from the feds at the Hathaway house. Somehow the Yankees got word that Mosby was visiting the Hathaways. After surrounding the house at midnight, the feds rudely knocked on the door of the house, built some three years earlier. They entered the home in search of Mosby. Knocking on all the bedroom doors upstairs, a lieutenant came upon Pauline and John's bedroom.

Pauline was three months pregnant with John S. Jr., but her demeanor was enough that it allowed John to climb out the window and onto a limb of a large walnut tree, staying there for some eight hours on that warm summer night of June 8, 1863. In spite of the fact that his spurs were found in the bedroom and his horse was discovered, Mosby never was. In the providence of God, their bedroom was conveniently located by that famous branch.

One of the advantages of being a guerrilla was that the spoils from the victory went to the guerrilla. In his 28 months of guerrilla fighting, Mosby and his rangers captured over 3,500 horses and mules and a great number of weapons and were responsible for over 2,900 killed, wounded or captured Union troops. Mosby would award the best horses captured to those who demonstrated great bravery. The going rate in 1863 was \$110 for a cavalry horse, \$12 or more for a revolver and about \$10 for a rifle. So, a ranger could earn more than \$132 by capturing one Union cavalryman—which was more than a year's pay for a private. Often Mosby was paid in gold.

One of the easiest sources of spoils was when they captured a sutler (a civilian who sells supplies to the war machine). This was one of the more pleasurable events in the life of a ranger, as they shared the spoils, which often included a variety of items. On a rare occasion, Mosby would participate in sharing the spoils and the celebration that went with it.

One of the more impressive raids was when the rangers derailed a train, blew up the boiler with a large weapon they captured and took much spoils, including \$174,000 cash. Though his rangers insisted he take his share, Mosby refused. The men then took up a collec-



Seeking to emulate his hero from the American Revolution, partisan leader Francis Marion (the "Swamp Fox"), Mosby, above, convinced J.E.B. Stuart to allow him to create an independent cavalry command in northern Virginia. Operating under the Confederacy's Partisan Ranger Law, this unit would conduct small, but successful, fast-moving raids on Yankee lines of communication and supply. Shown is a portion of a larger photo of John Mosby taken during the war by famed Civil War photographer Mathew Brady or someone in the Brady studio. Although the creation date is listed as "unknown," someone hand-wrote "Richmond 1865" on the edge of the print (not shown).

EVERETT COLLECTION/NEWSCOM

tion of \$10,000 and gave it to Pauline. He then returned it to the troops as a Christmas present, and in return they gave him a prize horse, named Coquette, that had been much admired earlier. Mosby had the integrity of a George Washington, ethics that are completely contrary to what is in Washington today.

America's War Between the States was one of the cruelest wars in history, with much bloodshed, tears and heartache. Over 625,000 men and 1.5 million horses were killed. After Mosby greatly embarrassed Gen. Philip Sheridan in his "Wagon Raid" (Aug. 13, 1864) in and around Berryville, Virginia, Sheridan suffered great loss of wagons and their supplies and the desire to flush out Mosby increased. This resulted in the "Burning Raid" of November 1864 when Gen. Sheridan set up a "hunter-killer team" of 100 men under the leadership of Capt. Richard Blazer with one mission, which was to kill or capture Mosby and his rangers. The Union troops went up the valley using the terror tactic of mass destruction of civilian property (homes and barns), crops and livestock and the looting of private valuables. Mosby and his rangers were not flushed out.

This cruel tactic was once again used by the Union forces when Gen. Sherman catastrophically marched to the sea, burning Atlanta on the way.

John Singleton Mosby was involved in the First Battle of Manassas (Bull Run), and his exploits ended after Gen. Robert E. Lee surrendered on April 9, 1865, at Appomattox Court House. Col. Mosby never surrendered but disbanded the 43rd Battalion at Salem (now Marshall) Virginia. He read this farewell address to his men:

Soldiers: I have summoned you together for the last time. The vision we have cherished for a free and independent country has vanished and that country is now the spoil of a conqueror. I disband your organization in preference to surrendering it to our enemies. I am no longer your commander. After an association of more than two eventful years I part from you with a just pride in the fame of your achievements and grateful recollections of your generous kindness to myself. And now at this moment of bidding you a final adieu, accept the assurance of my unchanging confidence and regard. Farewell.

— COL. JOHN S. MOSBY, CSA
43rd Battalion Virginia Cavalry ♦

SUGGESTED READING:

Ramage, James A., *Gray Ghost: The Life of John Singleton Mosby*, the University Press of Kentucky, Lexington, 1999.

Black, Col. Robert W., *Ghost, Thunderbolt and Lightning*. See an ad for this book on page 15 of this issue of TBR.



This picture is a copy of one taken in Richmond in January 1863. The uniform is the one I wore on March 8th 1863 on the night of General Stoughton's capture
John S. Mosby

John S. Mosby stands far above 1,000 other high-ranking officers who served in the war. By 1864, he was feared by the enemy and respected by his comrades and superiors. After the war, his support for the presidential candidacy of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant—the man who once ordered Mosby and his men be hanged upon capture—earned him death threats and ultimately forced Mosby to abandon his Virginia home for Hong Kong as U.S. consul. A wealth of military information to the young George S. Patton, Mosby's lessons influenced "Old Blood and Guts" in WWII. Mosby is best remembered for his daring capture of Union Gen. Edwin Stoughton and Col. Daniel French Dulany in Virginia. The above postcard, written in Mosby's hand, reads, "This picture is a copy of one taken in Richmond in 1863. The uniform is the one I wore on March 8, 1863 on the night of Gen. Stoughton's capture."

E. STANLEY RITTENHOUSE is a former legislative aide for LIBERTY LOBBY. He currently resides in Virginia. Stan is also the author of *For Fear of the Jews*, a book detailing the power of Zionist pressure groups. Hardback, 275 pages, \$15 plus \$5 S&H inside the U.S. from THE BARNES REVIEW, 1-877-773-9077 toll free.

Mosby Remembers Robert E. Lee:

An Excerpt from Mosby's Memoirs

COL. JOHN MOSBY WAS NO ILLITERATE BRUTE. In fact, he was a talented writer and a keen judge of character. In 1917, Mosby's memoirs were published, but are rarely seen today. In this short chapter from his riveting and quite detailed memoirs, Mosby reflects upon the military career of Gen. Robert E. Lee, touching on Gen. Joe Johnston's strategic failure at the Rapidan River and the hostility between Lee and Maj. Gen. George Pickett.

By Col. John S. Mosby

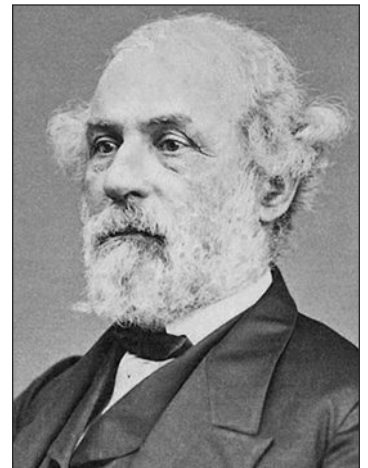
My first meeting with General Robert E. Lee was in August 1862, when I brought the news of General Ambrose Burnside's reinforcement of General John Pope. The next time we met was at his headquarters in Orange, Virginia, about two months after Gettysburg. He did not seem in the least depressed, and was as buoyant and aggressive as ever. He took a deep interest in my operations, for there was nothing of the Fabius in his character. Lee was the most aggressive man I met in the war, and was always ready for an enterprise. I believe that his interest in me was largely due to the fact that his father, "Light Horse Harry," was a partisan officer in the Revolutionary War.

After General J.E.B. Stuart was killed, in May, 1864, I reported directly to General Lee. During the siege of Petersburg I visited him three times—twice when I was wounded. Once, when I got out of the ambulance, he was standing near, talking to General James Longstreet. When he saw me hobbling up to him on crutches, he came to meet me, introduced me to General Longstreet, and said, "Colonel, the only fault I have ever had to find with you is that you are always getting wounded." Such a speech from Lee more than repaid me for my wound.

The last time I saw him during the war was about two months before the surrender. I had been wounded again. He was not only kind, but affectionate, and asked me to take dinner with him, though he said he hadn't much to



John S. Mosby, age 80.



Robert E. Lee in 1867.

Col. Mosby was a great admirer of Gen. Lee

eat. There was a leg of mutton on the table; he remarked that some of his staff officers must have stolen it.

After dinner, when we were alone, he talked very freely. He said that in the spring of 1862, General Joe Johnston ought not to have fallen back from the Rapidan to Richmond, and that he had written urging him to turn against Washington. He also said that when Johnston evacuated his lines at Yorktown, in May of that year, he should have given battle with his whole force on the isthmus at Williamsburg, instead of making a rear-guard fight.

When I bade Gen. Lee good-by after our last interview, I had no idea that it was my final parting with him as my commander. I can never forget the sympathetic words with which Gen. Lee cautioned me against unnecessary ex-

posure to danger.

The following is the last order he ever gave me. It was dated March 27, 1865, and put me in command of all northern Virginia: "Collect your command and watch the country from the front of Gordonsville to Blue Ridge, and also the valley. Your command is all now in that section, and the general [Lee] will rely on you to watch and protect the country. If any of your command is in Northern Neck, call it to you." —W. H. Taylor, Assistant Adjutant-General.

Lee was raised in the political school of Washington and Hamilton. In the Virginia convention of 1788, his father had voted against the imbecile confederation and for the Constitution which made the laws of the Union the supreme law of the land, and in 1798 spoke and voted against the famous states-rights' resolutions. In the year 1794 he commanded the Virginia troops that were ordered to Pennsylvania to suppress the Whiskey Insurrection. It is difficult to distinguish in law between Washington's proclamation in 1794, calling out the military force to execute the laws of the United States, and Lincoln's in 1861.

As Lt. Colonel of the Second Cavalry, Lee was stationed in Texas in February 1861, but was ordered to Washington, arriving there about the time of the presidential inauguration. The commander-in-chief, General Winfield Scott, a Virginian, was too old for active service—there was then no retirement law—and he wanted Lee near him as an adviser and second in command.

On March 16, Colonel Edwin V. Sumner was promoted to be a brigadier-general in place of Twiggs, who had been dismissed for treachery in surrendering the Union troops in Texas. A Virginia lady, who met Lee about that time, told me, many years ago, that he spoke to her with great indignation about General Twiggs's conduct. Lee now became colonel of the First Cavalry. His biographers do not seem to have heard of this promotion and have ignored the fact that he accepted a commission from President Lincoln. Lee was with his family at Arlington and on confidential relations with the War Department up to the day of his resignation, April 20, 1861. As the command of the U.S. Army was offered to him, Scott must have thought that he would stand by the Union, and Lee's purpose to resign in the event of Virginia passing an ordinance of secession had not been disclosed.

Lee was forced by circumstances to take the side for

which he fought in the war. On the subject of slavery and the right of secession, he agreed with Abraham Lincoln. Five years before, in writing about slavery, he had said, "It is a moral, social and political evil." Writing at Fort Mason, Texas, on Jan. 23, 1861—after seven states had passed ordinances of secession—Lee said:

The framers of our Constitution would never have exhausted so much labor, wisdom and forbearance in its formation, and surrounded it with so many safeguards and securities, if it was intended to be broken by every member of the confederacy at will. It was intended for "perpetual union," so expressed in the preamble, and for the establishment of a government, not a compact, which can only be dissolved by revolution, or by the consent of all the people in convention assembled. It is idle to talk of secession. Anarchy would have been established, and not a government, by Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison and all the other patriots of the revolution.

When Lee resigned his commission to join the forces of his native state, he acted, as nearly every soldier acts, from personal sympathy with the combatants, and not on any legal theory of right and wrong. On the day when he resigned, he wrote his sister that he could not draw his sword against his family, his neighbors and his friends.

On the previous day, he happened to go into a store in Alexandria to pay a bill. His heart was burdened with a great sorrow, and he uttered these words, which the merchant wrote down in his journal—they still stand there today: "I must say that I am one of those dull creatures that cannot see the good of secession." Below this entry the merchant wrote, "Spoken by Colonel R.E. Lee when he paid this bill, April 19, 1861."

A few days later, Lee was made commander-in-chief of the forces of the state of Virginia. There was no competition for the position. The late Judge John Critcher represented Westmoreland, Lee's native county, in the secession convention, and was one of the committee sent to notify him of the appointment.

The judge told me that when Lee returned with the committee to the convention hall, in the Capitol at Richmond, they had to wait for a few minutes in the rotunda. Looking at Houdon's statue of Washington, Lee said, very gravely, "I hope we have seen the last of secession." He evidently feared that the seceding states would soon separate from one another.

"I must say that I am
one of those dull crea-
tures that cannot see
the good of secession."
—Robert E. Lee



General Lee never forgave General George Pickett (inset) for the disaster at Five Forks, Virginia, April 1, 1865. Told to hold the line at Five Forks at all costs, Pickett was off eating a baked shad dinner at a house several miles away when the federals attacked. Pickett claimed he never heard any gunfire and thus arrived too late to the battle. By the time he did arrive, 3,000 of his 10,000 men had been either killed or captured, Lee was retreating, and Richmond was unprotected. Above, “reb” prisoners taken at Five Forks.

CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPH COLLECTION, LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

The Life of Alexander Stephens shows that the apprehension was not unfounded, and that the members of the Confederacy were held together only by the pressure of war and by the despotic power of the central government at Richmond.

I once heard General John C. Breckenridge say, at a dinner in Baltimore, soon after he returned from his exile in Canada, that if the Southern Confederacy had been established, “there would have been such a spirit of local self-assertion that every county would have claimed the right to set up for itself.”

I met General Lee a few times after the war, but the days of strife were never mentioned. I remember the last words he spoke to me, about two months before his death, at a reception that was given to him in Alexandria. When I bade him good-by, he said, “Colonel, I hope we shall have no more wars.” In March, 1870, I was walking across the bridge connecting the Ballard and Exchange hotels in Richmond, and to my surprise I met General Lee and his daughter. The general was pale and haggard, and did not look like the Apollo I had known in the army. After a while I went to his room; our conversation was on current topics.

I felt oppressed by the great memories that his presence revived, and while both of us were thinking about the war, neither of us referred to it.

After leaving the room, I met General Pickett, and told him that I had just been with Lee. He remarked that, if I

would go with him, he would call and pay his respects to the general, but he did not want to be alone with him.

So I went back with Pickett; the interview was cold and formal, and evidently embarrassing to both. It was their only meeting after the war.

In a few minutes I rose and left the room, together with General Pickett. He then spoke very bitterly of General Lee, calling him “that old man.” “He had my division massacred at Gettysburg,” Pickett said.

“Well, it made you immortal,” I replied.

I rather suspect that Pickett gave a wrong reason for his unfriendly feelings. In May, 1892, at the University of Virginia, I took breakfast with Professor Venable, who had been on Lee’s staff. He told me that some days before the surrender at Appomattox, General Lee ordered Pickett under arrest—I suppose for the Five Forks affair. I think the professor said that he carried the order.

I remember very well his adding that, on the retreat, Pickett passed them, and that General Lee said, with deep feeling, “Is that man still with this army?”

I once went to see the tomb of Montcalm in the chapel of the Ursuline Convent at Quebec. When I read the inscription—“Fate denied him victory, but blessed him with a glorious immortality”—it recalled General Robert E. Lee. ♦

THE ANGEL OF MARYE'S HEIGHTS

IN WARTIME WE SOMETIMES FORGET THAT OUR ENEMY is just as human as we. Ironically, it is said such was not the case with one Confederate soldier, a young man from Flat Rock, South Carolina named Richard R. Kirkland, whose heart was moved by the 8,000 or so Northern soldiers who lay wounded or dying not far from his position and who sprang to their relief. Although the tale of the Southern soldier of Marye's Heights who rendered aid to wounded Union soldiers may be apocryphal, the fact remains that even in war, many men retain their humanity and will risk all for their fellow man, regardless of the uniform he wears. Here's what we know

...

By John Tiffany

A ridge top called Marye's Heights just west of Fredericksburg, Virginia ranks among the most important sites in American military history. On Dec. 13, 1862, during the Battle of Fredericksburg, Maj. Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside, having conquered Fredericksburg itself, tackled the Confederate-held ridge with nine divisions, a total of 30,000 men. Confederate William Miller Owen watched as line after line of Yankee soldiers surged toward the ridge.

They were under the command of stubborn Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside, Army of the Potomac, who was up against Robert E. Lee of the Army of Northern Virginia. Immediately in charge of the skirmish, however, was Maj. Gen Edwin V. Sumner for the Yankees, commander of the Right Grand Division, opposed by Confederate Maj. Gen. Lafayette McLaws, under Lt. Gen. James Longstreet.

Owen marveled: "What a magnificent sight it is! We have never witnessed such a battle array before; long lines following one another, of brigade front. It seemed like a huge blue serpent about to encompass and crush us in its folds." Miller's fears were unfounded. Not a single Union soldier reached the heights. Instead, thousands

of Yankee boys, charging through what one soldier called "a veritable valley of death," fell in the attempt.

War is certainly hell, and the "damn Yankees," or the "blue bellies," as Southerners like to call them, inflicted significant casualties on the fighters for Southern independence. But the number of Yankees who fell fighting against states' rights was far greater.

Ignorantly, the Northerners were fighting against even their own Northern states, though they could not see it. But consider the toll in human suffering caused by the relentless conviction by the leaders on both sides that the "enemy" must be exterminated.

In this ruthless era, the legend of one man stands out. He has been called "the angel of Marye's Heights": Richard Rowland Kirkland, a humble sergeant from South Carolina, 19 years old (Company G, Second South Carolina Volunteers).

Place yourself for a moment in the boots of this "ordinary" white man from South Carolina. On Dec. 13, thousands of white Northerners were mown down on the lower part of the ridge. Many of them were not killed outright but were disabled; many were unable to move from where they were shot. They moaned and groaned, calling for help, calling for water, all through the day, through the night and into the next day. But no one dared go to their rescue, fearing to be shot themselves.



Imagine: You are ordered to charge up the hill, into the defending “enemy” infantry (Confederate boys), so you hardly have a chance. And you are in one of six failed charges—14 brigades in all. Your body, still breathing, is added to the heap.

War is not a game. You are not a reenactor. This is life or death—mostly death and suffering, it seems.

You are a wounded U.S.A. soldier. Your own side won’t/can’t rescue you, lying wounded on the battlefield, due to withering gunfire from the C.S.A. side. There are no helicopters to “medevac” you. All you can do is lie there where you were shot, convinced the next moment will come a bullet to send you forever to your maker.

Meanwhile, on the Confederate side, some soldiers are unable to stand the moans of their fellow whites who happen to be on the wrong side in this war and are suffering the consequences of their folly. Imagine thousands of wounded fellow whites, many of them whimpering for just a drop of water, a few yards ahead of your army’s lines, and this going on all night long, while temperatures drop to 15 degrees.

According to the story, and as attested to by Brig. Gen. Joseph B. Kershaw, one good Southern boy, a hard-

Fredericksburg, Virginia is a largely unmonumented battlefield. The most prominent monument (on the southern end of the field) is the “Meade pyramid,” largely inaccessible to most visitors. Beside that, the remains of earthworks stand as a testament to what once occurred there ornamented by a few cannon the park service has placed to represent their use. There are a few small monuments scattered through the town and up to the heights, which mocked the efforts of Union soldiers in 1862. There are a few large monuments to a body of troops, like those you might expect to see at Gettysburg or Antietam, in the National Cemetery. There is one monument so large and prominent that it captures the attention of every visitor who walks down the “Sunken Road,” and that is the monument to Confederate Angel Richard Kirkland, seen here.

ened veteran, decided he could not take it anymore. According to no lesser a figure than Gen. Joseph Brevard Kershaw, a veritable angel of mercy emerged on the Confederate side.

At the start of the War Against State Sovereignty, Kershaw—a lawyer and judge in peacetime—commanded the 2nd South Carolina Volunteer Infantry regiment. He

took part in the First Battle of Bull Run. The 2nd South Carolina was present at Morris Island during the Fort Sumter disaster, in which the South was tricked into firing the first shots of Abe Lincoln's War.

Kershaw was commissioned brigadier general on Feb. 13, 1862 and commanded a brigade in Robert E. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia during the Peninsula Campaign. Toward the end of the Battle of Fredericksburg, he succeeded Brig. Gen. T.R.R. Cobb, upon the latter's death, and repulsed the last two attacks made by the Yankees on Marye's Heights.

Kershaw is our only known witness to Kirkland's deed of mercy. He tells us it was on December 14 that Kershaw was surveying the carnage from his headquarters, an upstairs room in the Stevens house, when he was interrupted by a sergeant in his brigade, namely Kirkland, who asked permission to carry water to the wounded Union soldiers, whose moans have emotionally moved him since the previous day.

"All night and all day I have heard these poor people crying for water, and I can't stand it no longer," Sgt. Richard Rowland Kirkland allegedly said to Kershaw, "I came to ask permission to go and give them water."

Due to the danger of enemy fire, Kershaw only reluctantly approved the young man's request. The story has it that Kirkland thanked the general and went down the stairs, a big smile on his face; then, having second thoughts, he bounded back up, taking two stairs at a time, and told the general he had a further request: "Would it be all right if I show a white handkerchief, sir?"

But the general said no. Evidently he believed there would be a chance the enemy might think they were surrendering, so he refused the sign of truce. Somewhat disappointed, the sergeant went back down the stairs, then gathered up all the canteens full of water he could get, as well as blankets, and went over the wall.

Immediately came a hail of bullets, but thankfully the Yankee sharpshooters were not too accurate, and Kirkland went to the first wounded soldier he could find, moaning for water, and lifted the man's head gently and gave him a good drink of water from one of the canteens. Then he let the man down, and left him a full canteen, covered him with a blanket, and went on to the next victim, where he did pretty much the same.

By about this time, the enemy shooters had realized what he was doing and ceased fire. Kirkland helped as many men as he could, for about an hour and a half, and then returned to his own lines.

It is said he "relieved all the wounded on that part of the field."

It is a moving account, and well portrayed in the "La Pieta"-like statue (by Felix de Weldon) that was erected on the battlefield in 1965. The inscription on the statue says: "At the risk of his life, the American soldier of sublime compassion brought water to his wounded foes at Fredericksburg. The fighting men on both sides of the line called him 'the Angel of Marye's Heights.'"

A parallel case has been cited, with less happy results:

In 1880, at the dedication of a monument to soldiers of the 9th Pennsylvania Reserves, Capt. Robert Taggart recalled a Sgt. Isaac N. McMunn's efforts to bring water to wounded Confederate soldiers:

"There was common assent and approbation when Sgt. McMunn volunteered to carry to those wounded men the water for which they prayed. But Oh! the cruel, treacherous greeting with which that act of Christian charity was met [when a] rebel bullet came crashing through his face as he bent to cool with water the burning lips of a wounded, helpless foe."

But is the feel-good story of Kirkland true?

The story may give us warm, fuzzy feelings, but as Revisionists we must subject it to critical thinking.

How much good can a Samaritan do, carrying perhaps a dozen canteens and blankets, when faced with as many as 12,000 wounded men?

Would it take an hour and a half to dole out the contents of a dozen canteens? Or are we to suppose he made a number of trips over that stone wall? How many rebel soldiers were willing to donate their personal canteen and clothing to the cause? Alternatively, why weren't others, from both sides, inspired to join the relief effort? Why wasn't a general truce called to allow the wounded to be taken to field hospitals?

Re-enactor and Lincoln's War fan Michael Schaffner created a stir seven years ago, on the "Civil War Memory" blog, by challenging Kershaw's account. He remarked that after-action reports filed by officers on both sides, including Kershaw himself, do not mention an

"All night and all day
I have heard these
poor people crying
for water, and I can't
stand it no longer,"

hour-and-a-half cease-fire or Kirkland's act of mercy.

Kershaw first told this story about Kirkland in a letter to the *Charleston News and Courier*, dated Jan. 2, 1880. This was 15 years after the war ended—18 years after the alleged event. If it was true, why didn't he tell it years earlier?

Schaffner says Kershaw's account is essentially a children's story that trivializes the horrors of battle.

Contemporary account after account says there was no 90-minute cessation of firing. Instead, they all agree the firing was continuous for 12 hours or so, until dark. Nor do they make any mention of Kirkland.

A variation on the story appears in Augustus Dickert's *History of Kershaw's Brigade* (1899). This work, by a veteran company officer of the Third South Carolina, makes no mention of Kirkland's merciful act. Instead it gives a first-hand description of a different scenario (p 193):

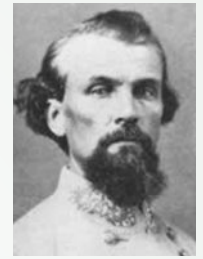
The next day [December 14], as if by mutual consent, was a day of rest. The wounded were gathered in as far as we were able to reach them. The enemy's wounded lay within 100 yards of the stone wall for two days and nights, and their piteous calls for help and water were simply heartrending. Whenever one of our soldiers attempted to relieve the enemy lying close under our wall, he would be fired upon by the pickets and guards in the housetops.

Despite this, Dickert reports one soldier as taking relief work into his own hands (pp. 196-97):

In one of the first charges made during the day a federal had fallen, and to protect himself as much as possible from the bullets of his enemies, he had by sheer force of will pulled his body along until he had neared the wall. Then he failed through pure exhaustion. From loss of blood and the exposure of the Sun's rays, he called loudly for water. . . .

To go to his rescue was to court certain death. . . . But one brave soldier from Georgia dared all, and during the lull in the firing leaped the walls, rushed to the wounded soldier, and raising his head in his arms, gave him a drink of water, then made his way back and over the wall amid a hail of bullets knocking the dirt up all around him.

This seems more plausible than the Kirkland story. In fact, the young man here may not have been from Georgia but could easily have been from South Carolina. Wherever he was from, this anonymous soldier could be a real-life model on which the fictionalized Kirkland of

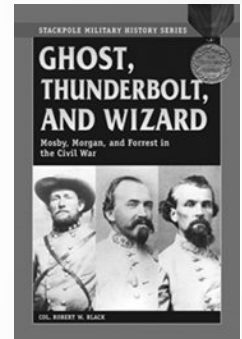


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Ghost, Thunderbolt and Wizard: Mosby, Morgan & Forrest in the Civil War

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the story was constructed.

As for Kershaw himself, his own after-action report devotes only one short paragraph on Sunday the 14th: "At daylight in the morning the enemy was in position, lying behind the first declivity in front, but the operations on both sides were confined to skirmishing of sharpshooters. We lost but 1 man during the day, but it is reported that we inflicted a loss upon the enemy of 150."

He mentions eight officers as having distinguished themselves, as well as Capt. Cuthbert's company and Capt. Read's battery, but makes no mention of Kirkland.

Schaffner writes:

But in any case the federals did not simply abandon those wounded in the assaults of the 13th. Private William McCarter (*My Life in the Irish Brigade*, pp 190-94) describes small parties of soldiers, backed up by ambulances, searching for wounded between the lines on that night, as well as his own efforts to drag himself back.

Brig. Gen. Humphreys, commanding the third division of the Fifth Corps, which made the final charge against the wall, reported on his own efforts, stating, "The wounded were nearly all brought in before daylight, and some of the dead, but many of the latter were left upon the field."

Kershaw would have us believe Kirkland bypassed his company commander, his regimental commander and the general's staff to make a personal appeal to the general to relieve the Yankee wounded.

Kirkland was killed in action some nine months later at Chickamauga. During those nine months, he is not

known to have ever claimed to have done the deed attributed to him many years later by Kershaw.

Kershaw was evidently telling a parable, creating a myth. Perhaps Kershaw never intended us to take his story literally. Says Schaffer:

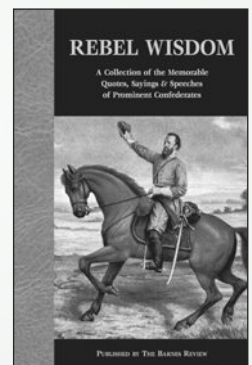
It seems notable that Kershaw not only left Kirkland out of the after-action report, but also left him out of the *Battles and Leaders* account of Fredericksburg written eight years after his letter to the editor. Kershaw may have seen a difference between a human-interest story told to a local paper at a time when papers published lyric poetry and lurid scandals and everything in between, and the actual historical record. There is a certain logic in reserving for the latter the literal truth while offering to the former the sort of tale that perhaps ought to have been true—the kind of civic parable Plato in *The Republic* recommends that the elite tell to commoners, the kind of story incorporated in inspirational messages in sermons.

In that context, the literal truth would matter less than the spiritual truth of the noble youth who confronts the brutality of the battlefield with an act of Christian charity and later dies heroically for his country. ♦

JOHN TIFFANY is assistant editor of THE BARNES REVIEW. He has for decades been interested in diverse ethnic groups, ancient history, authentic news, mathematics, science, real-life conspiracies and the problem of crime in our government. He holds a Bachelor of Science degree in biology from the University of Michigan and has studied comparative religions and mythologies. Currently he has written a study of the Old Testament, called *Fountain of Fairytales: A Scholarly Romp Through the Old Testament* (\$20 plus \$5 S&H in the U.S.). Outside U.S. email sales@barnesreview.org.

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Christmas Story Saves Soldier's Life

SOMETIMES IT'S YOUR TIME TO DIE—and sometimes it isn't. The following is a story told by an old Civil War veteran to Archibald Rutledge, the former poet laureate of the state of South Carolina. It recounts the time the cleverness and Christian devotion of his sweetheart saved his life from a Union sharpshooter's bullet, though "Bess" was many miles away at the time. The old rebel had served with Rutledge's father—a Confederate colonel—and the younger Rutledge recorded the tale for posterity.

By Archibald Rutledge

“About the time the war broke out, I had tuck up with a girl named Bess. She worried powerful about my getting in that snow country where we was going. So she made me six warm shirts, so she did; and right over my left breast she fashioned a pocket in each one. Then she gave me a little Bible that just fitted in the pocket. I teased her about the shirts and the pockets and the Bible. But Bess, she had a kinda faraway look in her eyes as if she knew far better than I did what I was a-goin' into. And, by cracky, she did, too.

“Well, off we went to Virginny with our colonel where all hell was poppin' off. Don't ever let anybody tell you that those Yankees can't fight. There were some brave men among them, and some real good sharpshooters. They killed four of my best buddies, and they nigh had me.

“One cold December night on the banks of a stream not far from Harper's Ferry, I was supposed to go on picket duty. Just before going I said to myself: 'Do you know, it's close to Christmas, and I never have taken out that little Bible Bess gave me to read. I believe I'll just carry it in my shirt pocket tonight like she asked me to. I believe there's enough light from the Moon for me to read about the angels and the shepherds and the Little Baby Jesus.'

“So I put the Bible in my shirt pocket and went out. I didn't know it but across that river, in a grove of big sycamores, some crack sharpshooters were posted. A sharpshooter can't generally do much in the night. But this was a night of full moon. I could not see them, but they could see me.

“I leaned my gun agin a tree and took out that little Bible. But then I heard a dry branch crack on one of them sycamores, and I figured a Yankee sharpshooter was up to something. He was up to killing me. I rammed the Bible in my shirt pocket, and grabbed my gun, all in one motion. But that there sharpshooter, he was quicker than I was. Something like a sledge hammer hit me in my breast, and down and out I went. A bullet don't hurt you so much. It just slams you down.

“Next morning, when I woke up, our old regimental doctor was sittin' on the side of my cot. He was holding the Bible that Bess gave me, and he was chuckling. 'Young man,' he said to me, 'you have a sweetheart who loves you very much.' I guess I colored up, wondering what he knew about it.

“‘At your age,’ he said to me, ‘I doubt if you know what stays are. Well, the ladies wear corsets. They are made to stand stiff by long thin strips of steel or whalebone. Now take this little Bible here. See where the bullet meant for your heart tore through the first cover but was stopped by the second? Your girl had taken one of her corsets apart, got these stays, made them the right length, and sewed them inside the cover, back and front. You know, a woman can keep her loved one safe even if he is far away. This Bible that I found in your shirt pocket was right over your heart. Your girl made the shirt, didn't she?’ ‘Yes,’ I said, very faintly, I guess because I felt all choked up to think of what Bess had done.”

“With a bang,” Rutledge wrote, “the old soldier suddenly brought down the tilted chair in which he had been sitting, talking to me. ‘Bess!’ he called, ‘come out here on the porch and tell this man about the Bible and the shirts. This is the same Bess,’ he added softly to me, ‘who had that thing all figured out. We been married now nigh 40 years, and I believe we care about each other more than we ever did. Come on, Bess, I want him to see you’.” ♦

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE, the late poet laureate of the state of South Carolina during the 1960s, was the author of more than 70 books. His father was a Confederate colonel. An old soldier who served with Archibald Rutledge's father told him the preceding anecdote of how, indirectly, the Christmas story in the Bible saved his life during the War Between the States. Errors in grammar and spelling have been kept from the original. This item was originally posted on the website www.floridareenactorsonline.com, the site of an enthusiastic group of Civil War battle reenactors based in Florida.

Civilians Antietam@

- Battle around Sharpsburg, Maryland affected thousands of innocent civilians
- Hardships faced by Americans mirror those of millions around globe today

AMERICANS WHO LOUDLY hail United States participation in foreign wars—seeing it as a grand symbol of what some refer to as “American exceptionalism”—might take a moment to recall the reality of what war is all about and reflect upon the experiences of some of their fellow Americans—regular folks, civilians—who lived through bloody and devastating warfare right here on American soil.

By Michael Collins Piper

What happened during the Civil War to the civilian population in one part of the United States—a relatively small but, at the time, politically and militarily significant sliver of the American republic—is quite dramatically instructive.

Today, although commemorated as a historical symbol of a tragic period in the American national story, the Battle of Antietam—and the military maneuvering that both preceded and followed that particular event—constitute a stark reminder (even a sharp mirror) of what

Americans have been doing during the last decade to native civilian populations in the Middle East who happen to be in the way when the United States chooses to play world policeman (all too often in service of the interests of Israel) engaging in empire building abroad.

While Americans have marched off and died in more than a few foreign wars, Americans at home have cheered them on, “supporting the troops” and thanking God for America’s “smart bombs” and other technological advances that make the United States a global power armed with the capacity to send missiles spiraling across land and sea, targeting the enemies of freedom and all who stand against the American way.

However, despite the hoopla and downright admiration for America’s expertise in waging destruction, the truth is that since the days of the Civil War—150 years ago—Americans have not had to confront mass warfare on American soil. And let’s hope we never do again. But we should remember what Americans did face before, right here at home.

The wave of bloodshed and destruction that swept across a narrow strip of western Maryland (bordered by Pennsylvania on the north and Virginia and West Virginia on the South) over the four-year period of the Civil War



was actually quite extraordinary. All told, some three quarters of a million soldiers—Union and Confederate alike—passed through that slender corridor, and many remained there, buried in shallow mass graves.

Writing in *Too Afraid to Cry: Maryland Civilians in the Antietam Campaign*, author Kathleen A. Ernst notes: “Western Maryland, particularly the counties of Washington and Frederick, was a hotbed of turmoil during the Civil War. Indeed, along with Pennsylvania’s neighboring Cumberland Valley and Adams County, of which Gettysburg is the county seat, this was an area that from 1861 to 1865 saw more sustained military activity than any other region north of the Potomac.”

Noting that Civil War historian Dennis Frey has “likened life in Harpers Ferry¹ at that time to living on the Arab-Israeli border in the late 20th century,” Ernst said Frey likewise might just as well have been talking about western Maryland (which converges with West Virginia at Harpers Ferry). That’s how bad it was.

PEACE AND WAR. This striking photograph—one of the Civil War’s best-known (and perhaps one of its most telling) images—was taken by Alexander Gardner after the bloody fighting at Antietam. Such images captured at Antietam marked the first occasion where Americans saw the actual results of Civil War fighting in photographs taken immediately after a battle. This photo depicts dead Confederate soldiers—and a silent cannon—near the battle-scarred Dunker Church, one of many churches in the otherwise peaceful community of Sharpsburg, Maryland. That this church should have been a focal point of the battle is ironic. The Dunkers—whose name came from their belief in baptism by full immersion—were a peaceful folk who were pacifists. The church—which was repaired and continued to serve its members until the end of the 19th century—was reportedly used as an embalming station by Union forces. Known originally as the German Baptist Brethren, the Dunkers are known today by the name they adopted in 1908: the Church of the Brethren.

PHOTO: ALEXANDER GARDNER/MCT/NEWSCOM

Relentlessly subjected to a continuing back-and-forth push—north and south, east and west—by both the Union and the Confederacy over an extended period of time and including, in the end, a major path in the South’s invasion of the North that ended with the Battle of Gettysburg in July of 1863—this sprawling and notably beautiful countryside—today remembered militarily as “the invasion corridor”—felt the greatest impact of the war when it was the site of what today is remembered as “the Antietam campaign” which reached its pitch with heavy fighting around Antietam Creek, fought in the area near the little town of Sharpsburg, once correctly described as “a peaceful Maryland crossroads.”

Both enthusiastic devotees of the Civil War as well as casual readers who’ve picked up one or more of the many thousands of works since published that have focused on some aspect of that great American tragedy became familiar with the names of the legendary generals—Northern and Southern—who led their men at Antietam.

Robert E. Lee, J.E.B. Stuart, Jubal Early, James Longstreet and A.P. Hill were among the Confederate icons; on the Northern side, Joe Hooker, George Meade and Ambrose Burnside under the command of the much-lamented George B. McClellan (later sacked as Union commander by Lincoln). Their strategic maneuvers—before, during and after the assorted battles—have been scrutinized by erudite military scholars and armchair generals alike.

However, largely ignored were the consequences of the war on the surrounding civilian population. The region was devastated, the people reeling with economic turmoil and psychic wounds that maybe never really healed.

Ernst comments: “The civilians had been tested as surely as any grizzled veteran. . . . They were not soldiers trained to face battle; they were ordinary people facing extraordinary challenges.”

One man, Jacob McGraw, was a Southern sympathizer early in the war, even having had a brother fighting for the South. However, he said, looking back, “Later I didn’t care which side won, if only they put a stop to the fighting.”

Noting quite simply and correctly a point that many might tend to forget, Ernst writes: “The soldiers who participated in the 1862 Maryland campaign did so because, for one reason or another, they had chosen to march to war. The Maryland inhabitants who met them had not made that choice. Their experiences are just as essential to our full understanding of this tormented time.” That’s why Ernst said her book was written in memory of the civilians “who endured what we can never fully imagine.”

So what did happen?

The Battle of Antietam (known in the South as the Battle of Sharpsburg)—Sept. 17, 1862—was the single bloodiest day of not just the Civil War, but in all of American military history. Some 23,000 men were dead, wounded or missing. There were 12,401 casualties (including 2,108 dead) on the Union side—and that was 25% of the federal



ANOTHER CHURCH SCARRED BY WAR was the Lutheran Church on Main Street in Sharpsburg. Although the battle at Antietam Creek was fought outside the town itself, the church had been used by the Yankees as a signal station and, as a consequence, found itself subjected to heavy shelling. Lutheranism was one of the predominant faiths in Sharpsburg and surrounding communities due to the large influx of German immigrants who settled in the region in the late 1700s. In the aftermath of the battle, the church—like many homes and other structures in the community—was used as a hospital to nurse the wounded survivors of the battle, which constituted the bloodiest single day of fighting in all of America’s military history (a sorry record that remains in place, even to this day). Because the church had been so heavily damaged, four years later, in 1866, church members laid the cornerstone of a new structure. Inset above is William Roulette, a supporter of the Union, whose family farm became the site, after the battle, where some 700 dead Confederate soldiers were laid to



army—along with 10,318 casualties (with 1,546 dead) among the Confederate contingent, 31% of its forces.

The record shows that the battle represented a clash (perhaps unique up until that time) in which a record number of regiments from all over the divided American nation met face-to-face, including—it has been noted—a regiment from New York that included young men only 10 days out, hardly ready for the intense fighting that lay before them.

It was the first major battle of the Civil War to take place on Union soil, fought in Maryland, a slave state that had been forced by Lincoln to remain loyal to the Union. In the early stages of the fighting, it was already apparent that this was no ordinary skirmish. In fact, during the battle, Union Gen. George B. McClellan described the state of affairs in a telegram to his wife, saying quite simply, “We are in the midst of the most terrible battle of the age.”

How the fighting even erupted in the first place is a classic historical quirk of fate worth noting.

In the days preceding Antietam, there was a growing feeling—both North and South—that it actually appeared as though the South might prevail. Thus far, there had been so many Confederate battlefield victories that—despite the overwhelming firepower and numbers of troops available to the Union—it truly seemed as if the hard-driving rebels, under the command of the beloved Robert E. Lee, might soon bring the war to a close.

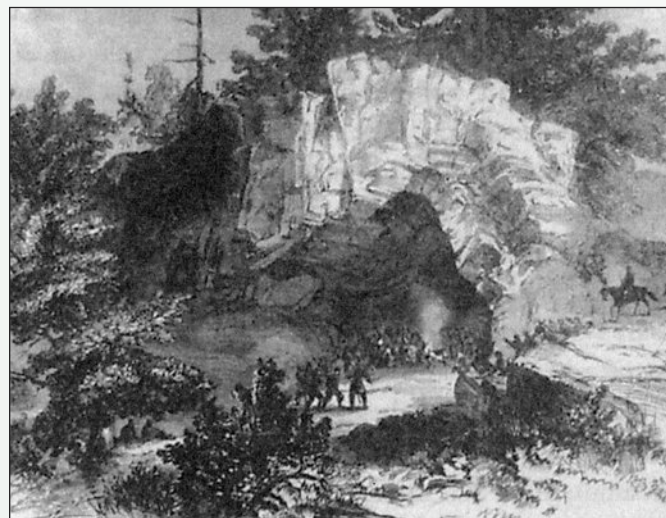
Although the Union knew all too well Lee was pushing north, hoping to rally his own forces (and their supporters at home)—and shock the North—with an invasion of northern territory (in this instance, the state of Maryland), Gen. McClellan, the commander of the Union’s military centerpiece—the Army of the Potomac—had a reputation for hesitation and inaction. And although that was a continuing frustration for President Lincoln, McClellan was evidently quite psychologically ill-prepared to face the challenge at hand.

However, for one instant in time, the gods were looking kindly on McClellan. One of his scouts happened upon three cigars, wrapped in a piece of paper, lying somewhere in the countryside.

What happened to the cigars in question doesn’t appear to have been recorded, but the scout recognized that the paper contained military instructions that, when brought to McClellan’s attention, were recognized by one of his subordinates as the handwriting of one of Gen. Lee’s adjutants. The paper thus provided an unexpected guide to Lee’s immediate strategy.



NEIGHBORS AT WAR. Shown above is an image of citizens of Sharpsburg, Maryland taking refuge in the basement of the home of the Kretzer family during the fighting at nearby Antietam Creek. Three doors away from the Kretzer home lived the Millers, who were supporters of the Confederacy. Maryland officially remained a part of the Union—though the state lay just below the Mason-Dixon line, the unofficial “border” between the Union and the Confederacy—loyalties within the state were sharply divided, with families and neighbors split as to their sympathies. The area around Sharpsburg itself became a veritable “invasion corridor” during the four years of the war, with opposing troops regularly passing through and engaging in fighting. Below, a cave near Sharpsburg in which many civilians sought refuge from the bullets and cannonballs.



This gave McClellan the opportunity to direct his forces in such a manner that Lee's army was split and the stage was set for the confrontation at Sharpsburg.

The day-long fighting on Sept. 17 was intense, and despite a continuing series of savage assaults from the Union forces, Lee never retreated. But the next day, after the beleaguered troops on both sides spent a night of ostensible rest, McClellan's passivity once again reared its head. The Union commander chose not to reassert the might of his army and, as a consequence, on the night of Sept. 18, Lee was able to begin moving his forces back into Virginia, abandoning his drive north.

Although the two sides had essentially fought to a draw, the Union forces had stopped Lee's push to invade Northern territory, and, since Lee's forces were first to withdraw from the battlefield, the slaughter was declared (however flimsy the truth) a victory for the Union.

For his own part, McClellan continued, perhaps predictably, to procrastinate and, two weeks later, on Oct. 1, an exasperated Lincoln traveled from Washington to meet McClellan and review the troops. But McClellan would not budge. On Nov. 5, Lincoln fired McClellan.

(At one point, when looking over McClellan's forces, Lincoln sarcastically remarked that, while the troops were referred to as the Army of the Potomac that was a mistake. "It is only," he said, "McClellan's bodyguard.")

In any case, the consequence of the dubious Union "triumph" at Antietam provided Lincoln a pretext for enunciating his politically monumental Emancipation Proclamation that reverberated internationally and essentially stopped the anti-slavery British and the French from giving diplomatic recognition to the Confederate states in rebellion.

So the fighting at Antietam was significant in the broader picture and certainly a pivotal point in the Civil War (aside from the bloody human cost on the battlefield). But what is largely forgotten is that civilians too felt the impact of this memorable day in U.S. history.

Although the fighting along Antietam Creek—widely recalled as "the bloody battle of Antietam"—is much heralded, Antietam National Battlefield historian Ted Alexander has pointed out that the nearby town of Sharpsburg, Maryland "was the first organized community in the United States to suffer widespread damage from both

combat and the sheer presence of two opposing armies."

In fact, Alexander notes, historians now believe that "nearly every house in the town of Sharpsburg was damaged in some way by stray artillery rounds as well as small-arms fire. Further, a number of buildings caught fire and were destroyed, and some of the town's churches had to be rebuilt because of structural damage."

Debate exists as to how many civilians of Sharpsburg died during the fighting. At least one young girl is said to have been killed.

Other civilians died not long afterward, attributed to the disease and unhealthy conditions arising from the breakdown in sanitary conditions among the wounded soldiers who were being nursed on the scene in the wake of the battle. That so few civilians actually died as a consequence is probably remarkable, considering everything.

And while this was the experience at Sharpsburg and throughout this region, the toll of war was all too similar in other towns and cities on American soil, particularly, of

course, south of the Mason-Dixon Line, where most of the Civil War's battles were fought, but even north into Pennsylvania where the titanic conflict at Gettysburg (in the broiling summer of 1863) is said to have been the turning point in the war.

So the details about Sharpsburg and surrounding communities are not really so unique—but they are telling.

After the fighting, battle-weary and shell-shocked civilians emerged from their homes and places of refuge and nonetheless joined with the surviving military to clean up the mess and come to the rescue, bringing succor to those who had been injured, feeding the hungry, and—yes—burying the throngs of dead.

Like many of her neighbors, one pregnant mother (with a family of small children) voluntarily jumped into service, bringing water to the battlefield, carrying strips of cloth she had torn out of her own clothing and bedsheets to be used as bandages. One of the lady's daughters recalled the battlefield. As far as she could see there were suffering, crying or dead men. It was, she said, "red, red red. It was a red stew." But, she said, she and her brothers and sisters were "too afraid to cry."

At another juncture, another civilian, Mr. Moats, told his daughter that he had "waded through blood up to my shoetops" when he was bringing aid to the wounded.

In fact, Antietam was the first Civil War battlefield

"Disease—a result of the breakdown in sanitary conditions—claimed the lives of many of the civilians."



Notorious Union Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman—who terrorized Georgia, marching in 1864 “from Atlanta to the sea”—later said, quite correctly, that “war is hell.” His infamy is commemorated in the beloved Hollywood classic *Gone With the Wind*, which, in many respects, captured the horror of war and, in particular, its impact on civilians. This is the scene where the beautiful (fictitious) character Scarlett O’Hara crosses the railroad yard filled with wounded Confederate soldiers as the Confederate battle flag still waves proudly. Yet, what many forget today is that the first battle fought during the Civil War on what was Northern soil—the battle at Antietam Creek (near the town of Sharpsburg, Maryland)—constituted not only the bloodiest day of that war but in all of American military history. And the toll upon the civilian population of the surrounding community—a factor all too easily forgotten—was inestimable.

photographed immediately after the actual battle, the work of photographer Alexander Gardner, whose graphic images of dead soldiers lying in the rubble and laid out for burial gripped the American public as they became more widely displayed.

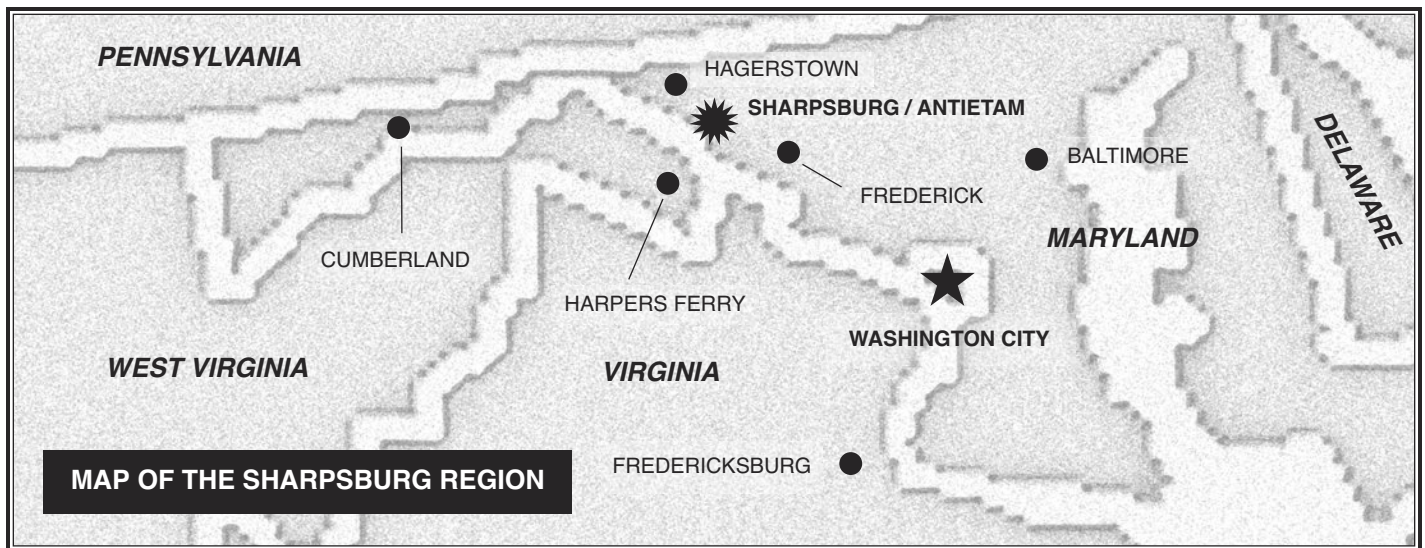
At the time, the father of future Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was a Union captain badly wounded at Antietam, remarked: “Let him who wishes to know what war is look at this series of illustrations.”

But for the people of Sharpsburg and the area surrounding Antietam, the very real remnants of war remained long after the fighting. One local man recalled: “It was a common thing to see human bones lying loose in gutters and fence corners for several years and frequently

hogs would be seen with limbs in their mouths.”

The battle had another minor, but telling, impact on the community that recalled, all too well, how genuinely bloody the fighting had been: Although a familiar stone arch bridge over Antietam Creek had always been known as the Rohrback Bridge (referring to the nearby farm of Henry Rohrback), after Union Maj. Gen. Ambrose Burnside lost nearly 500 of his men in futile attempts to move his troops across that bridge, the picturesque landmark was thenceforth known (as it is to this day) as “Burnside’s Bridge.”

All told there were some 120,000 troops from both sides that had converged upon Sharpsburg, accompanied by 50,000 horses and mules who—like their human handlers—naturally left behind quite a bit of waste (needless



to say) of various kinds. This, of course, was before the days of plumbing and sewage plants and well beyond the capacity of the little rural community to handle. Think about it—another of those “forgotten” costs of war.

Consider, too, the thousands of dead men (and animals) left rotting on the battlefield in the muggy, late summer heat.

Wagonloads of discarded and broken guns, swords, canteens—all manner of debris left over in the wake of warfare—had to be gathered up and carted away. And for a long time afterward, unexploded shells continued to pop up, with more than a few deaths and injuries resulting from those unfortunate enough to have encountered them.

Devastation at Sharpsburg took other forms.

Ted Alexander notes that, at Sharpsburg, “soldiers from both sides raided farms and homes, carrying off valuables, destroying property and confiscating livestock and crops as provender of the armies.” Many previously prosperous farmers, businessmen, shopkeepers and everyday families returned after the battle to find that they were financially destroyed, and this, Alexander says, was “a scenario that was repeated hundreds of times

throughout this corridor of war.”

The case of what happened to Samuel and Elizabeth Mumma and their eight children is simple, yet instructive.

Initially, Union forces confiscated supplies from the family’s farm. Later, Southern troops perceived the family’s home and barns as likely places as refuge for Yankee sharpshooters and, consequently, the structures were torched and burned to the ground. When all was said and done, the Mummas lost everything, fleeing with little more than the clothes on their backs and a few small precious family heirlooms.

In the end, Mumma put in a claim to the U.S. government for the supplies confiscated by the Union troops, but the government wouldn’t pay up. Mumma pointed out that when he asked the officer for a receipt, he (Mumma) was told that he wouldn’t need one when he eventually put in a claim. And, naturally, the federal government wouldn’t take responsibility for the burning of his home and out-buildings since, of course, the “rebels” had seen to their destruction.

However, Mumma was a sturdy chap and—after a good neighbor lent the Mumma family a house to live in temporarily—the spring after the devastation, he set to work raising a new house and barn.

Homes that had served as hospitals—and there were many in the once-quiet little community that did—were, needless to say, soaked in blood. Families returning to their homes often discovered their kitchen tables had been utilized for medical purposes and, looking out the window, might discover a stack of severed arms and legs and feet, castoff symbols of the human cost of the horrors of war that had consumed their once-peaceful community.

And one man found more than human blood to con-

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tend with. The soldiers who had occupied his home butchered all of his 60 chickens in the kitchen. “They were dirty butchers,” the man wrote, “and [the kitchen floor] was ankle deep with heads and feet, entrails and feathers,” a horrific scene.

There was more.

William and Margaret Roulette took refuge in the basement of their home in the company of their five children during the battle, which raged, in part, right on their family farm. At one point, it is said, Mr. Roulette emerged from the basement to cheer on the Yankees, shouting, “Give it to ‘em! Drive ‘em! Take anything on my place, only drive ‘em.”

What Roulette and his family probably didn’t expect was that, ultimately, some 700 soldiers would actually remain on the farm, buried in the wake of the battle, quickly interred by community volunteers who were desperate to get the putrid corpses under the ground—in trenches, however shallow—and out of the hot September sun. “The stench was terrible,” one man recalled,” and it was pervasive for miles and miles around Sharpsburg.

One Union soldier who was engaged in burying Confederate dead recalled seeing boys as young as 15 and old gray-haired men among his vanquished Southern foes. And, he noted: “There was not to the best of my knowledge in all that was buried two dressed alike,” recalling the point, generally unknown today but perhaps not then, that the Confederate government (from the beginning and up to the end of the war) never had the resources to buy consistent uniforms for its soldiers. But, as history shows, they were dedicated to their cause—and they knew how to fight—dressed in fancy uniforms or homespuns.

The wartime experiences of the people of Sharpsburg and in the nearby region—as we’ve noted—mirror what happened all over the South (and, to a far more limited degree) in Maryland and Pennsylvania during those four tragic years.

But, in many respects, the bulk of the recorded popular history of the Civil War has almost exclusively and overwhelmingly focused on the military action and on the men who fought the battles. The impact of the war on the civilian populations centered around battlefields has—at least until recent years—often been forgotten.

However, one particularly revealing work, Kathleen Ernst’s fascinating volume, *Too Afraid to Cry*—mentioned earlier—is a fascinating and panoramic, well-researched and well-written overview of what happened to the people of the Maryland panhandle during those trying times when they were besieged—left and right—with

The Futility of War . . .

The author of this selection, Michael Collins Piper, is best known to readers of TBR and its weekly companion, *AMERICAN FREE PRESS*, for his focus on U.S. foreign policy and the intrigues of the power elites who misdirect America’s role in our world today. However—as Piper has noted in his controversial political memoir, *The Confessions of an Anti-Semite**—his first interest in history and public affairs began with his childhood fascination with the Civil War, stimulated by the fact that his mother often read to him from her favorite book—Margaret Mitchell’s epic Civil War classic *Gone With the Wind*. And by ironic coincidence, Piper’s beloved maternal step-grandfather was a native of Clayton County, Georgia, the site (in *Gone With the Wind*) of Scarlett O’Hara’s legendary plantation, Tara. The stark imagery of the 1936 book and the blockbuster 1939 film based upon it—and which Piper first saw in its historic re-release in 1967, when he was only seven years old—left a lasting impression on the future writer, who recognized, even as a child, the futility and tragedy of war. ♦

* Get a copy of *Confessions of an Anti-Semite* for \$25 plus \$5 S&H from TBR, P.O. Box 15877, Washington, D.C. 20003. Call 1-877-773-9077 to charge a copy. Outside the U.S. add \$24 S&H for the book.

passing armies and pitched battles between those armies over the four years of fighting between the North and the South. Ernst’s book is a “must” read for anyone interested in this little-known aspect of the Civil War.

And, to bring it all full circle, it’s a book that every American enthusiast of U.S. military meddling abroad should ponder carefully, for, before they know it, foreign troops might well soon be conducting operations on American soil in retaliation for American participation in the global ventures of that which we now call the New World Order. ♦

FOOTNOTE:

1 The easternmost town in West Virginia—located in Jefferson County at the confluence of the famous Potomac and Shenandoah rivers, where the states of Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia meet—Harpers Ferry is probably best remembered as the site of abolitionist John Brown’s famous raid (in 1859) on the U.S. military armory. But during the Civil War that came soon afterward, the little town—so strategically located geographically and as a key site on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad line—became a focal point of interest for both the Union and the Confederacy. In fact, during the four years of the Civil War, control of the town and its environs changed hands between the North and the South no fewer than eight times. And this, naturally, came at a great cost in human suffering—to civilians and soldiers.

Relatives Insist They Hid Assassin of Abe Lincoln

SINCE 2008, TBR HAS DEDICATED SIGNIFICANT SPACE IN THIS MAGAZINE to investigating whether or not John Wilkes Booth was the man killed in Garrett's barn in Virginia, 12 days after President Abraham Lincoln was shot in Ford's Theater. The more we publish, the more information we receive from readers and researchers. Here is yet another article from a credible investigator who says he has inside information on the final fate of Booth that corroborates the belief of those who say Booth survived many years after the War Between the States.

By Emory A. Morgan

The conspiracy to assassinate President Abraham Lincoln is fraught with so many lies and cover-ups that many of the details remain a matter of speculation, especially since the body officially identified as John Wilkes Booth turned out not to be Booth. Two of the three medical doctors who testified that the body was Booth recanted in later life and stated they were mistaken in the identity of the body. No person who knew Booth well was allowed to see the body up close.

Much of the information in this article is drawn from the research of David Herbert Donald, who is the Charles Warren professor emeritus of American history and American civilization at Harvard University. Dr. Donald has twice won the Pulitzer Prize for biography. In his biography of Abraham Lincoln, entitled simply *Lincoln*, Donald well describes the refusals Lincoln encountered in making up the theater party.

President Lincoln had promised Mary that he would attend the comedy play *Our American Cousin* at Ford's Theater. Lincoln's advisors urged him not to go to the theater. Before leaving on a mission to Richmond, U.S. Marshal Ward Hill Lamon, who also served as a presidential

bodyguard, begged him, "Promise me you will not go out at night while I am gone, particularly to the theater."

Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, too, warned Lincoln about mingling with the crowds at the theater. Lincoln invited the Stantons, but Stanton refused, stating that it was too dangerous (and besides, Mrs. Stanton did not like Mrs. Lincoln).

After accepting a verbal invitation, Gen. Ulysses Grant also declined. Julia Grant was unwilling to spend several hours in a box with Mrs. Lincoln, so she decided to visit her children in Burlington, New Jersey, and the general was glad to go with her.

Illinois Gov. Richard J. Oglesby and Gen. Isham N. Haynie were asked, but they declined as they had prior engagements to meet with friends.

Lincoln invited William A. Howard, the Detroit postmaster, to go, but he was leaving Washington earlier that evening.

The "too tired" territorial governor of Idaho, William H. Wallace, was invited but he and his wife declined.

Lincoln also asked Stanton to have Maj. Thomas T. Eckert, chief of the telegraph bureau, accompany him, but Stanton refused, as Eckert had important work to do. Lincoln thereupon asked Eckert directly, but Maj. Eckert still adamantly refused.

Michael W. Kauffman, in *American Brutus*, states that

Lincoln also asked Speaker of the House Schuyler Colfax and his wife to go with them to the play, but was refused, as they were about to go on a trip.

[Several other individuals declined to go with the Lincolns—making a total of at least 12 refusals.—Ed.]

The Lincolns finally turned to a young couple: Clara Harris and her stepbrother, who was also her fiancé. This young couple were the only persons that went with the Lincolns to see *Our American Cousin*. John F. Parker had a continuing assignment from the Metropolitan Police to guard the president, but rumors abound that he was at a nearby bar drinking with Lincoln's coachman and footman. He was charged with neglect of duty but acquitted.

In this day and time it is inconceivable that an American president had to beg to get company to go to a stage show. Something sinister was going on, and it seems that some persons knew about it. Maj. Lafayette Baker oversaw security and counterintelligence for Lt. Gen. Winfield Scott, the commander-in-chief for the U.S. Army. Baker was in the middle of this conspiracy; and he was later murdered because he knew too much.

Just before his death he allegedly wrote: "There were at least 11 members of Congress involved in the plot, no less than 12 Army officers, three naval officers and at least 24 civilians, of which one was the governor of a loyal state. Five were bankers of great repute, three were nationally known newspapermen, and 11 were industrialists of great repute and wealth. Eighty-five thousand dollars were contributed by the named persons to pay for the deed. Only eight persons knew the details of the plot and the identity of the others. I fear for my life."

Before his assassination, Abraham Lincoln was probably the most controversial president this nation had ever had. Lincoln wanted to and did abort the constitutional rights given to the individual states and centralize power with the federal government. Karl Marx and other early Communists praised Lincoln for this concept.

The secession of states from the union was legal. New Englanders—after losing the right to legally transport slaves from Africa in 1808 and having their shipping interrupted by the War of 1812—themselves threatened secession. This bellicose attitude of New Englanders continued without letup until the War of Southern Independence, even financing and lionizing the terrorist John Brown. The Republican Party took advantage of this hatred against the



The Difficult Mary Lincoln

Mary Todd Lincoln (1818-82) was extravagant and shrewish, offering several reasons why the Lincolns found it so difficult to find guests to attend *My American Cousin* with them the night of the assassination. Jealous to the point of insanity and hot tempered, allegedly, on at least one occasion, she hit her husband in the head with a piece of firewood. Mary had no special interest in politics, having few causes other than husband and children. The one cause Mary did take up as first lady was the care of the ex-slaves who fled the South to live in slums in the capital. She disliked many of Lincoln's advisers and talked to her husband about patronage appointments for people who did her favors. Mary met her burdens with a combative attitude that would follow her to the grave. As to her own comforts, with Lincoln, Mary became poorer than she'd ever been. Early in the marriage, she bore and raised two children in a boarding-house room. Abe was on the road much of the time. Many of her public relations problems as first lady were born from her love of aristocratic frippery. The sums she spent on these items considerably outweighed their ability to impress Washington society, and the bills for such things outpaced Lincoln's means. A paradigmatic "difficult woman," Mary was enormously unpopular. When her son Robert had her declared insane and committed in 1875, it sealed the characterization of her that has

South, resulting in Lincoln not receiving a single electoral vote in the South. Soon after the election, seven states seceded.

It appears President Lincoln wanted very much to make war on the seceding states, so he, through deceit, manipulated the seceding states into firing the first shot, and thusly Mr. Lincoln had a pretext for his war. He did call Congress into session to convene three months later and immediately called for 75,000 new troops to put down the falsely named “rebellion.” This caused Virginia, North Carolina, Arkansas and Tennessee to also secede, as they refused to make war against fellow Americans. Lincoln ordered pro-secession Maryland legislators to be locked up in the middle of the night, suspending the writ of *habeas corpus*. Chief Justice Roger B. Taney ruled that was against the Constitution, but was ignored.

He eventually locked up through his secret police over 13,000 Americans without any charges ever being made against them. Mr. Lincoln had his war against his own people well under way when Congress convened three months later.

As president, Lincoln was so strongly disliked that the assassination was first regarded by the Republican Party leaders as “good riddance”; but when they discovered the people of the North were grieving, because he reunited the country, they started eulogizing Lincoln for the good of the Republican Party. The Congress had voted on July 22-23, 1861 that the war was being fought to reunite the union, and this was the general understanding of most Northern citizens throughout the war.

STANTON'S ROLE

Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton was a person who could play a double role. Secretary of Navy Gideon Welles described Stanton as “arrogant and domineering toward those in subordinate positions,” but a “sycophant and intriguer in his conduct and language with everybody whose support he needed.”

Stanton was neither amiable nor altogether stable, but Lincoln found him to be indispensable.

It appears the assassination of Lincoln was part of a huge conspiracy that well could have been headed by Secretary of War Edwin Stanton. He was a ruthless man and wanted to be president. Secretary of State William H. Se-

ward and Vice President Andrew Johnson were also slated to be killed that night. But Seward's assailant was fought off after wounding him, and the man charged with killing Vice President Johnson allegedly could not find his house and got drunk instead. The demise of all three would have made Stanton the president of the United States.

Major Baker is accused of hindering the search for John Wilkes Booth after the assassination. Was there ever any serious intent to capture Booth?

The order went out for a “reliable and discreet commissioned officer” to command the mission, and Lt. Edward P. Doherty was selected. Luther Byron Baker and Everton Conger would go along as civilian detectives.

Baker was a nephew of Lafayette Baker, and his orders were to report in person to Maj. Baker as to how the pursuit of Booth was handled. (See *The Man Who Killed Lincoln*, by Philip Van Doren Stern.)

Michael W. Kauffman in *American Brutus* disparages Maj. Baker for purposefully misdirecting the search in the wrong directions. It is compelling to quote from chapter 13:

An exhaustive search of War Department records failed to turn up anything that might have pointed investigators toward specific targets in Philadelphia. Evidently Stanton was acting on clues given to him orally and not committed to writing. Only one high-ranking official had easy access to Stanton, his own network of witnesses and familiarity with the city in question: Lafayette C. Baker.

It is nothing but a hunch, but if the flurry of activity in Philadelphia had been a ruse, Baker would be just the sort of person to set it in motion. He had long been known as a competitive and unscrupulous man, and he had done everything in his power to neutralize his fellow investigators. He had diverted them, misled them and even arrested them to keep them out of his way. As Stanton would soon learn, Baker even sent some of Washington's best police detectives to Canada, where they could only get lost or scare off suspects they had no authority to arrest.

TBR published in the issue of May/June 2008 “The Great Escape of John Wilkes Booth,” by author Pat Shannan. Shannan also located and printed the cryptic confession of Maj. Baker.

It appeared in *Colburn's United Service Magazine*, an

“Simply put, it was Lafayette Baker's job to make sure that John Wilkes Booth was never caught.”

English military journal that was dated Feb. 5, 1868. The cryptic message follows:

I am constantly being followed. They are professionals. I cannot fool them. In new Rome there walked three men: a Judas, a Brutus and a spy. Each planned that he should be king when Abraham should die. One trusted not the other but they went on for that day, waiting for the final moment when, with pistol in his hand, one of the sons of Brutus could sneak behind that cursed man and put a bullet in his brain and lay his clumsiness [sic] corpse away. As the fallen man lay dying, Judas came and paid respects to the one he hated, and at last when he saw him die, he said "Now the ages have him and the nation now have I." But alas, fate would have it [that] Judas slowly fell from grace, and with him went Brutus down to their proper place. But lest one is left to wonder what happened to the spy, I can safely tell you this, it was I.

The message was signed Lafayette C. Baker.

And Baker was not safe; he knew too much. Numerous attempts would be made on his life until he was finally poisoned with arsenic in 1868.

Kaufman in *American Brutus* criticizes the inept performance of Baker in the hunt for J.W. Booth to the extent that it gives substantive credence to these confessions. Simply put, it was Baker's job to make sure that Booth was not caught. His nephew Luther Byron Baker and Everton Conger were at the barn when Booth was allegedly killed.

It could well be that members of the Knights of the Golden Circle (KGC) were involved in this conspiracy. A quote from an online encyclopedia follows: "In late 1863, the Knights of the Golden Circle reorganized as the Order of American Knights. In 1864 it became the Order of the Sons of Liberty, with Ohio politician Clement Vallandigham, most prominent of the copperheads, as its supreme commander. In most areas only a minority of its membership was radical enough to discourage enlistments, resist the draft and shield deserters. The KGC held numerous peace meetings. A few agitators, some of them encouraged by Southern money, talked of a revolt in the Old Northwest, which could have ended the war."

Shannon was able to trace Booth beginning with his escape from the Garrett barn into the 1880s.

Booth was secretly married to Izola D'Arcy (*aka*

Martha Mills) Jan. 9, 1859 at Cos Cob, Connecticut. They established their home in the upper Shenandoah Valley, near the exit gate from the present-day Harpers Ferry National Park visitors parking lot at the present address of 43 Old Taylor Lane. Originally the house was on 160 acres of property but is now bordered by other homes. The property seems to have been acquired in a poker game and was titled in the name of an alias. It was known as Mount Olympus. The present owner, Vince Wilson, is aware of the Booth heritage.

John Wilkes and Izola's first child, Ogarita Rosalie Booth, was born in October 1859. That same month John Brown made his infamous raid on Harpers Ferry (Oct. 16-18). John Wilkes may have been in Harpers Ferry at the time of the raid, and he certainly was at the hanging of Brown in December at nearby Charles Town as a *de facto* member of the Richmond Grays Militia Company.

As for John Brown, it is ironic that the North was so short of heroes that they made an icon of a terrorist.

John Wilkes was not killed in the Garrett barn, but instead was furnished with funds from the conspiracy group

and he made his way to the secret home, Mount Olympus, between Harpers Ferry and Halltown. There he instructed his wife Izola to sell the place when things settled down and move to California, where he would meet her and their daughter Ogarita. In California John Wilkes and Izola had a son, who was born Feb. 27, 1870. A fake marriage was established between Izola and Harry Stevenson,

who was a longtime friend of John Wilkes, and this son grew up as Harry Stevenson Jr. He was not told the truth until he was 19. Young Harry was not happy to know that his father was the assassin of Lincoln.

On the other hand, daughter Ogarita knew who her father was, and before her death at age 33 she had begun wearing a brooch openly displaying his picture. Ogarita (known as Rita) married and had a daughter named Izola Forrester, after her grandmother. Izola II grew up with all the hushing and "shoo shooing," but she knew as a child that her grandfather was John Wilkes Booth, and she wanted full knowledge. She interviewed several persons who were close to Booth after he was supposed to be dead. She became close friends with her great grandmother Booth, so it became obvious that Booth's mother knew the person that was buried in his grave in the Balti-

"A few agitators, some of them encouraged by Southern money, talked of a revolt in the Old Northwest."

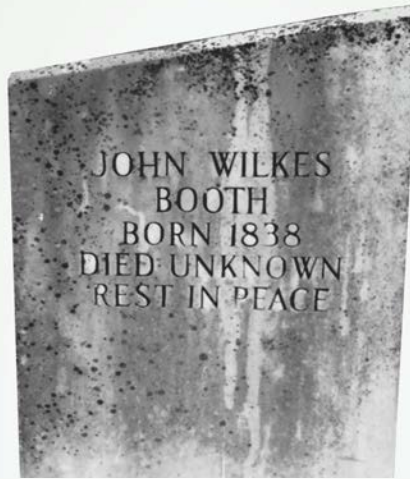
more Green Mount Cemetery was an imposter. Izola II recorded all the information she had gathered in a book that was entitled *One Mad Act* and was published by Colonial Press of Clinton, Massachusetts in 1937.

Federal records showed John Wilkes Booth as dead, but he was very much alive although forced to live in secrecy. Through the years there were always rumors that Booth had been seen in various places, but these rumors were not tied together and tracked. He spent much time living in India under the alias of John Byron Wilkes, where he in 1883 went through an elaborate will and a fake funeral. He would now be in position to return to the United States under another, unknown alias.

Even so, he could not seek refuge with his Booth family as that would be too public. He could not secretly visit with his wife as she had died in 1888. Booth now was 50 years old, and his life had been hard. The broken leg had resulted in very painful arthritis; so his thoughts turned to his cousin, Dr. John Fletcher Booth, a medical doctor, living quietly in Guntown, Mississippi. Here he went by his own birth name, but was referred to as Uncle or "Unc" to avoid a slip of the tongue. John Wilkes's grandfather was Richard Booth, a lawyer in London, England. Junius Brutus Booth was born to him in 1796. Richard Booth's father was John Booth, a Jewish silversmith who had been driven out of Portugal.

It is now time to introduce the Mississippi branch of the Booth family. The first of the Mississippi branch was Thomas Booth, who with one or two brothers migrated from England. Thomas settled in Virginia, at what became Harpers Ferry. The records are not clear as to where the theatrical Booths and the Mississippi Booths came together in the lineage, but it was with either Richard Booth, or his father John Booth. John Wilkes and Dr. Booth were either second cousins or second cousins once removed.

The theatrical Booths migrated from England in the early 1820s while the Mississippi Booths arrived in America at least 40 years earlier, as Thomas Booth fought in the American Revolution. He first settled at the junction of the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers and married a Miss



Smith Cemetery in Guntown: It is believed by many in the region around Guntown that John Wilkes Booth escaped and ended up living with relatives in Mississippi where he stayed in an upstairs room in the home of his cousin, Dr. J. F. Booth. Local legend says when Booth died, he was buried in the Booth family plot in an unmarked grave. Many years later this tombstone was placed at the grave by an anonymous benefactor.

Harper. Robert Harper had a gristmill and a ferry there, and that was the beginning of Harpers Ferry. Thomas Booth next moved to Mecklenburg County, Virginia, where he died. One of his sons, Harper Booth, moved first to North Carolina and then when the Chickasaw Indian nation sold north-east Mississippi to the state, Harper Booth moved to what became Guntown, Mississippi.

John Fletcher Booth, a son of Harper Booth and a cousin of the acting Booths, studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia when the Junius Brutus Booth family was acting in the East Coast cities, so they had opportunity to meet then, and again at the start of the War of Secession, when John Fletcher Booth was the captain of Company A of the 2nd Mississippi Infantry Regiment and they were stationed at Harpers Ferry from May 21, 1861 until

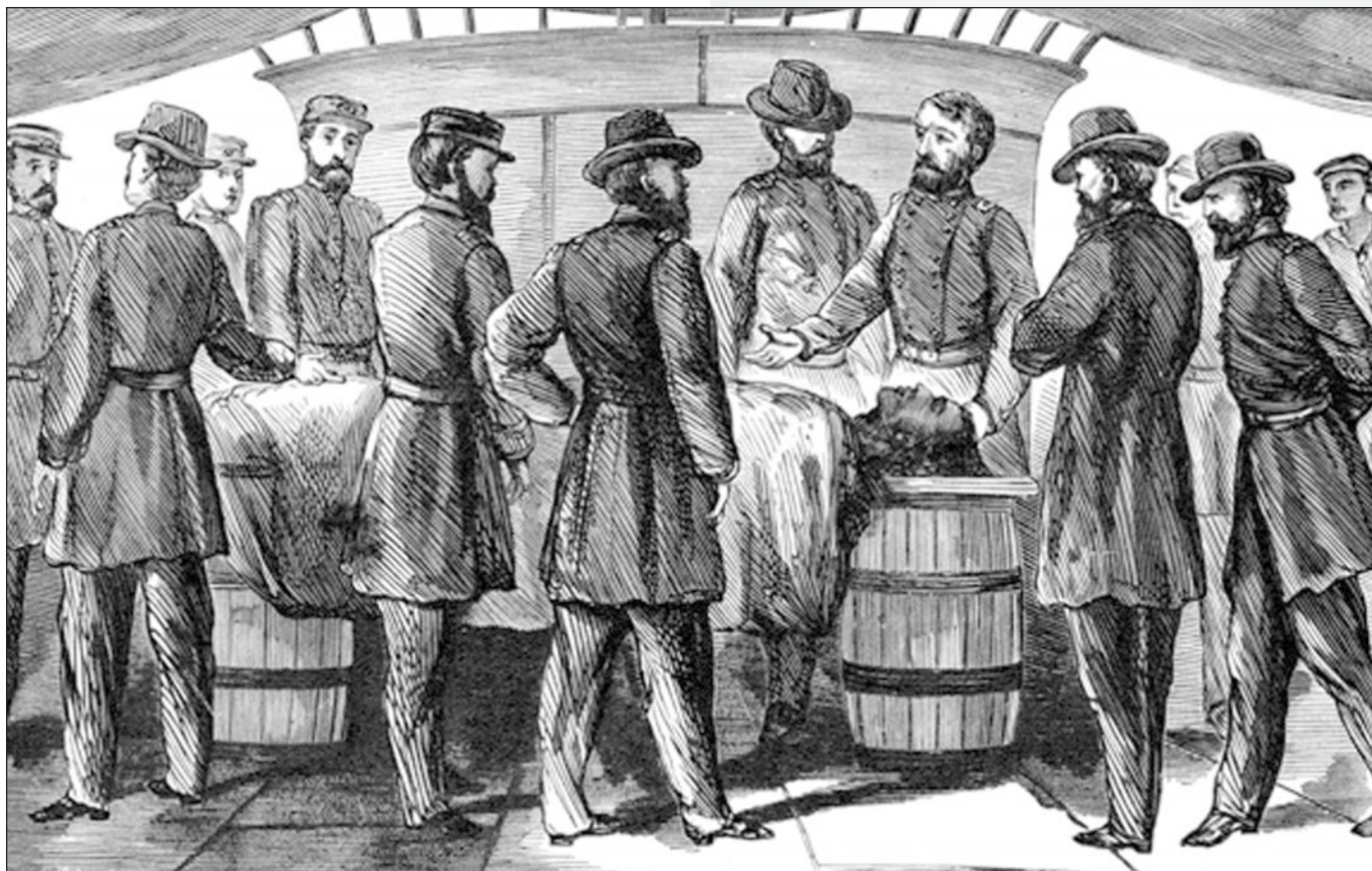
June 16, 1861. The railroad passed through nearby Halltown, and Confederate troops were also there.

IN OUR TIME

Present-day Charles R. Booth, also of Guntown, began searching his Booth family genealogy, and when he discovered that his great great great grandfather and John Wilkes's grandfather were likely brothers, he began to study the tradition he had grown up with that a phantom-like man had lived out his life secretly in an upstairs bedroom of Dr. John Fletcher Booth's home. Charles Booth discovered there had been a meeting between Dr. John Fletcher Booth and John Wilkes Booth at a hotel in Florence, Alabama in 1890 while Dr. Booth was there at a medical convention. The result of their meeting was that John Wilkes moved in with his cousin Dr. Booth.

Charles Booth queried surviving grandchildren of Dr. Booth, and Mr. Charles Vernon Booth wrote the following letter on Sept. 11, 1990:

History is not always right. As a boy my dad (John Fletcher Booth Jr.) had told me my grandfather (Dr. J.F. Booth), and John Wilkes Booth met in Alabama, long after John Wilkes Booth was supposed to have been killed in a barn in Virginia. My dad told me this on sev-



eral occasions—that history was all wrong. I believe maybe my grandfather and John Wilkes made plans then for J.W. to come to live at my grandfather's house in Guntown. I believe the mysterious stranger that lived there was John Wilkes Booth and that he died there in Guntown in the 1890s and was buried in the Booth plot in the Smith Cemetery. I am sure that all of my grandfather's children knew John Wilkes Booth lived in the Booth home in Guntown. All were sworn to secrecy.

Charles Vernon Booth (he went by Vernon) was born in 1914 and died Sept. 3, 1994. He is shown in a movie made by his nephew, Travis King. In this movie he states that John Wilkes had been in England before meeting with Dr. Booth. This solves the mystery of John Wilkes's whereabouts between the fake death in India in 1883 and 1890. Vernon also stated that John Wilkes died three years before Dr. Booth, so this dates his death to 1893.

* * *

The following is from a 1972 interview with Mrs. Waverly Hall, daughter of Dr. Bernard Hess Booth, granddaughter of Dr. John Fletcher Booth:

When she was a young girl, Mrs. Hall said, her father used to tell stories of the Booth family, all of whom were

The autopsy of "John Wilkes Booth" was performed on April 27, 1865 at the Washington Navy Yard in D.C. aboard the *USS Montauk*. This image is from Lafayette Baker's *The United States Secret Service in the Late War*. Was Booth properly identified? Two of the three medical doctors who testified that the body was Booth recanted in later life and stated they were mistaken in the identity of the body.

actors or physicians. When Dr. Bernard Booth was a child, a man lived with his family whom the children called "Uncle." The man seldom left his room. He walked with a bad limp and was reported to use drugs because he was in constant pain from an improperly set broken leg suffered mysteriously when he was younger.

If Uncle left the house, it was at night. Only about once a year did he leave Guntown, and then just for a day or two. Uncle was a cousin of Dr. John Fletcher Booth, and family legend is that he was John Wilkes Booth, about whose death in a barn in Virginia many stories have been told. . . . Uncle died in the doctor's home in Guntown. . . ."

* * *

Here is the statement of Mrs. Emily Epting Pressey, whose mother was Jenny Booth, daughter of Dr. J.F.

Booth—undated: “Jenny is supposed to have carried food upstairs to John Wilkes Booth when she was a little girl. The Booth family kept John Wilkes hid at their home in Guntown, Mississippi.” Dr. Bruce Parks of Jackson, Mississippi has a gold cufflink that came from Dr. John Fletcher Booth’s home after his death in 1896. It is initialed J.W.B. Dr. Parks is a great grandson of Dr. John Fletcher Booth. His grandmother, Emily Alyce Booth Parks, came into possession of the cufflink when the children all went to divide the things of Dr. J.F. Booth after his death.

John Wilkes was buried by Dr. John Fletcher Booth, helped by his sons George Washington Booth, John Fletcher Booth Jr., Bernard Hess Booth and son-in-law Bob Epting. The burial was in the Booth plot of the Smith Cemetery about two miles northwest of Guntown. These names were given to Charles R. Booth by Bernard Hess Booth Hall, a grandson of the above-named Bernard Hess Booth. The burial team identity was also confirmed by Travis King, a grandson of John Fletcher Booth Jr.

About 10 or 12 years ago I went to see if I could find the alleged grave of John Wilkes Booth in the Smith Cemetery. This cemetery is now abandoned and is in a large hayfield about two miles northwest of Guntown, but someone has placed a gravestone there for Booth.

President Andrew Johnson in 1869 ordered John Wilkes Booth’s body, which supposedly was in a sealed casket, to be removed and returned to the Booth family plot in Green Mount Cemetery in Baltimore. It turns out the person alleged to be Booth was not in a casket, but in

wrappings of some sort that rats had gotten into, so apparently another convenient casket was sent to the cemetery. I have made two trips to this cemetery, and on the first trip I met the cemetery superintendent, Dan Monahan, at the Booth family plot. He pointed to an unmarked place and stated that when he first came on the job he was informed that this was the burial site of the casket said to be that of John Wilkes Booth. This grave is unmarked.

I went back again May of 2011 to check out the gravesite of the alleged John Wilkes Booth. I can imagine Secretary Stanton ordering a casket be taken to the Booth plot with instructions for it not to be opened. Leo Wright was with me as a witness.

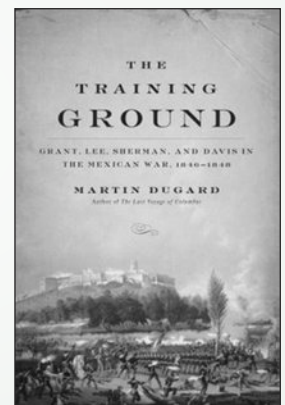
Dan Monahan, the cemetery superintendent, suggested I should investigate an area that appeared to be a long green walkway, but was actually a very ingenious French drainage system with small 2’ x 2’ x 2’ cisterns about every 20’ to help whisk the water away.

Afterward we went to the nearby home of the Davises for refreshments and to see the above-mentioned movie Mr. King had taken years ago. At the end, his uncle, Charles Vernon Booth, did in fact state that JWB died in 1893, three years before Dr. Booth; and he also reiterated

EMORY A. MORGAN retired from the government after 14 and a half years with the FBI and 20 years with the Department of Agriculture; did data processing from cards in the Army 1945-46 and then was an early computer guru from the vacuum tube era to modern computer center management. The FBI Uniform Crime Report is one of his computer systems.

The Training Ground: Grant, Lee, Sherman and Davis in the Mexican War, 1846-48

By Martin Dugard. The author offers an account of the Mexican War of 1848, constructed around the experiences of the U.S. Army’s corps of junior officers. Shaped by the common experience of West Point and tempered by battle, these comrades in arms (Robert E. Lee, Ulysses S. Grant, Jefferson Davis and William Sherman) matured into the leading generals and statesmen on both sides of the War Between the States. Dugard introduces others as well, from Union artilleryman Henry Hunt to Confederate icon Stonewall Jackson, who also learned their craft fighting the formidable Mexican army. At the war’s end, American military hero Gen. Winfield Scott saluted West Point graduates as the key to America’s victory. Dugard’s spirited narrative animates a group of men whose force of character, professional skill and ability to think outside conventional limits revitalized the sclerotic U.S. Army. A great book on a little-covered subject. Softcover, 464 pages, #562. *Was \$23—now just \$15 while supplies last!* Order from TBR BOOK CLUB, P.O. Box 15877, Washington, D.C. 20003 or call TBR toll free at 1-877-773-9077 to charge. See also www.barnesreview.com.



J.W. Booth's Last Diary Entry

JOHN WILKES BOOTH MADE DETAILED DIARY ENTRIES in what was actually a 6-by-3.5-inch, red 1864 appointment book. This diary was allegedly the one found on the body of the man killed at Garrett's barn on April 26, 1865. However, some claim Booth kept multiple diaries. The entries in this little diary were most likely made between April 17 and 22, 1865. Col. Everton Conger is said to have taken the diary off of the dead man's body and presented it to Lafayette Baker, chief of the War Department's National Detective Police. Baker allegedly then gave it to Secretary of War Edwin Stanton. Interestingly, the book was not used as evidence in the 1865 conspiracy trial. In 1867 the diary was rediscovered in a forgotten War Department file with pages missing. Most sources indicate 18 pages were missing. However, according to R.J. Norton, "the FBI's forensic laboratory has examined the diary and stated that 43 separate sheets are missing. This means that 86 pages are gone." The text of the last diary entry attributed to Booth follows.

Until today nothing was ever thought of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we had worked to capture, but our cause being almost lost, something decisive and great must be done. But its failure was owing to others, who did not strike for their country with a heart. I struck boldly, and not as the papers say. I walked with a firm step through a thousand of his friends, was stopped, but pushed on. A colonel was at his side. I shouted *Sic semper* before I fired. In jumping broke my leg. I passed all his pickets, rode 60 miles that night with the bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump. I can never repent it, though we hated to kill. Our country owed all her troubles to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment. The country is not what it was. This forced Union is not what I have loved. I care not what becomes of me. I have no desire to outlive my country. The night before the deed I wrote a long article and left it for one of the editors of the *National Intelligencer*, in which I fully set forth our reasons for our proceedings. . . .

After being hunted like a dog through swamps, woods, and last night being chased by gunboats till I was forced to return wet, cold and starving, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair. And why? For doing what Brutus was honored for. What made Tell a hero? And yet I, for striking down a greater tyrant than they ever knew, am looked upon as a common cutthroat. My action was purer than either of theirs. One hoped to be great himself. The other had not only his country's but his own wrongs to avenge. I hoped for no gain. I knew no private wrong. I struck for my country and that alone. A country that

groaned beneath this tyranny, and prayed for this end, and yet now behold the cold hands they extend to me. God cannot pardon me if I have done wrong. Yet I cannot see my wrong, except in serving a degenerate people. The little, the very little, I left behind to clear my name, the Government will not allow to be printed. So ends all. For my country I have given up all that makes life sweet and holy, brought misery upon my family, and am sure there is no pardon in the Heaven for me, since man condemns me so. I have only heard of what has been done (except what I did myself), and it fills me with horror. God, try and forgive me, and bless my mother. Tonight I will once more try the river with the intent to cross. Though I have a greater desire and almost a mind to return to Washington, and in a measure clear my name—which I feel I can do. I do not repent the blow I struck. I may before my God, but not to man. I think I have done well. Though I am abandoned, with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart, that one blow would have made me great, though I did desire no greatness.

Tonight I try to escape these bloodhounds once more. Who, who can read his fate? God's will be done. I have too great a soul to die like a criminal. Oh, may He, may He spare me that, and let me die bravely. I bless the entire world. Have never hated or wronged anyone. This last was not a wrong, unless God deems it so, and it's with Him to damn or bless me. As for this brave boy with me, who often prays (yes, before and since) with a true and sincere heart—was it crime in him? If so, why can he pray the same?

I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but "I must fight the course. 'Tis all that's left to me." ♦

Longfellow's Christmas Carol

The story behind a famous holiday classic revealed

WE ARE ALL FAMILIAR WITH THE WORKS of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, considered by many to be one of America's greatest poets. Few know, however, that he is the author of one of the most popular Yuletide songs, "Christmas Bells." Longfellow, who had a son on the Union side of the War Between the States, was hit hard by familial tragedy during the war: His wife died, and his son was seriously wounded. Here is Longfellow's Civil War "Christmas" tale. . . .

By Tom Stewart

One of America's best-known poets, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882), contributed to the wealth of carols sung each Christmas season, when he composed the words to *I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day* on Dec. 25, 1863.

The carol was originally a poem, *Christmas Bells*, containing seven stanzas. Two stanzas were omitted, which contained references to the Civil War, thus giving us the carol in its present form. The remaining five stanzas were slightly rearranged in 1872 by John Baptiste Calkin (1827-1905), who also gave us the memorable tune. When Longfellow penned the words to his poem, America was still months away from Lee's surrender to Grant at Appomattox Court House on April 9, 1865; and his poem reflected the prior years of the war's despair, while ending with a confident hope of triumphant peace.

As with any composition that touches the heart of the listener, *I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day* flowed from the tragic death of his wife Frances ("Fanny") and the crippling injury of his son, Lt. Charles Longfellow, from war wounds.

Henry married Frances Appleton on July 13, 1843, and they settled down in the historic Craigie House overlooking the Charles River in Cambridge, Massachusetts. They were blessed with the birth of their first

child, Charles, on June 9, 1844. Eventually the Longfellow household numbered five children—Charles, Ernest, Alice, Edith and Allegra.

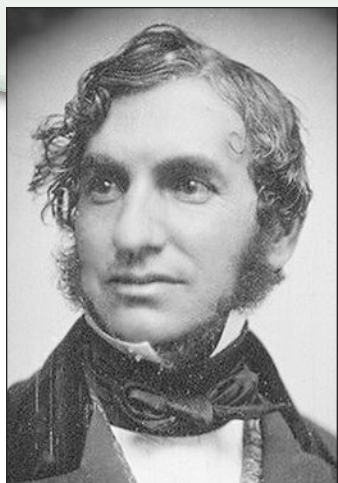
Alice, the Longfellows' third child and first daughter, was delivered while her mother was under the anesthetic influence of ether—the first in North America.

But tragedy struck both the nation and the Longfellow family in 1861. Confederate Gen. P.G.T. Beauregard fired the opening salvos of the War Between the States on April 12, and Fanny Longfellow was fatally burned in an accident in the family home on July 10.

The day before the accident, Fanny recorded in her journal: "We are all sighing for the good sea breeze instead of this stifling land [breeze] filled with dust. Poor Allegra is very droopy with heat, and Edie has to get her hair in a net to free her neck from the weight."

After trimming some of seven-year-old Edith's beautiful curls, Fanny decided to preserve the clippings in sealing wax. Melting a bar of sealing wax with a candle, somehow her dress caught on fire. The longed-for sea breeze gusted through the window, igniting the light material of Fanny's dress—immediately wrapping her in flames. In her attempt to protect Edith and Allegra, she ran to Henry's study in the next room, where Henry frantically attempted to extinguish the flames with a nearby, but undersized throw rug.

Failing to stop the fire with the rug, he tried to smother the flames by throwing his arms around Frances—severely burning his face, arms and hands.



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, one of America's most beloved poets, did not begin growing his trademark full, white beard until after the freak accident that claimed the life of his beloved bride, Frances "Fanny" Appleton Longfellow, and burned him as well. Both are pictured here in their youth.

Fanny Longfellow died the next morning. Too ill from his burns and grief, Henry did not attend her funeral. (Incidentally, the trademark full beard of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow arose from his inability to shave after this tragedy.)

The first Christmas after Fanny's death, Longfellow wrote: "How inexpressibly sad are all holidays." A year after the incident, he wrote: "I can make no record of these days. Better leave them wrapped in silence. Perhaps someday God will give me peace." Longfellow's journal entry for December 25, 1862 reads: "'A merry Christmas,' say the children, but that is no more for me."

Almost a year later, Longfellow received word that his oldest son, Charles, a lieutenant in the Army of the Potomac, had been severely wounded at the Battle of New Hope Church in Virginia during the Mine Run Campaign, a bullet passing under his shoulder blades and barely missing his spinal column.

On Christmas of 1863, while Charles was recovering from his wounds at Craigie House, Longfellow wrote the words of the poem "Christmas Bells."

Thankfully, Lt. Longfellow did not die that Christmas, but lived. So, contrary to popular belief, the occasion of writing that much-loved Christmas poem was not inspired by his death, as many say, but perhaps by the fact that, by December of 1863, the possibility of peace could be dimly seen on the horizon. ♦

TOM STEWART is the editor of www.whatsaiththescripture.com.

"Christmas Bells"

(Original poem by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow with all seven stanzas included. The two bolded paragraphs are the ones most often excised to make the common carol of today.)

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on Earth, good-will to men!

I thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on Earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime
A chant sublime
Of peace on Earth, good-will to men!

**Then from each black accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on Earth, good-will to men!**

**It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on Earth, good-will to men!**

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on Earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
"And mocks the song
"Of peace on Earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on Earth, good-will to men!

- Boston-born Confederate general had influence on U.S. history
- Was his oft-quoted plan for three world wars fact or fiction?

Albert Pike's Legacy

By Pete Papaherakles

Albert Pike (1809-1891) was one of the most influential men of the 19th century and continues to be one of the most important personalities in American history. He was a notable Confederate general in Abe Lincoln's War, a co-founder of the Ku Klux Klan and became the top leader of worldwide Freemasonry. His book *Morals and Dogma* is considered the bible for Freemasons the world over. He is the only Confederate general known to have two statues erected in Washington, D.C.

One of them, a bust, is indoors on the grounds of the world headquarters of the 33rd degree of the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, where his remains are buried. The other statue, an elaborate one with him standing, is on Judiciary Square, in downtown Washington. There is no other outdoor statue of a Confederate general in Washington.

Pike was born in Boston on Dec. 29, 1809 to Ben and Sara Pike. One of his ancestors was John Pike (1613-88), founder of Woodbridge, N.J. He attended school at Newburyport and Framingham until he was 15. In 1825 he passed entry exams to Harvard University but chose not to attend when the college asked for tuition and instead began a program of self-education, later becoming a schoolteacher in several Massachusetts towns.

In 1831 he left Massachusetts and traveled west, stopping in St. Louis and then settling in Independence, Missouri. There he joined a hunting and trading expedition to Taos,



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New Mexico. On the way, his horse broke and ran, forcing him to walk the remaining 500 miles to Taos. He then joined a trapping expedition to Texas, but animals were scarce, and he found himself traveling another 1,300 miles (650 on foot), ending up instead in Fort Smith, Arkansas.

He moved to Little Rock in 1833. There he started writing for the *Little Rock Advocate*. His articles were popular, and he was asked to join the staff. He married and with his dowry money became part owner of the paper, eventually becoming the sole owner. Under his administration, the paper advocated the Whig Party viewpoint. Pike began study-

PHOTO BY MATHEW BRADY



Albert Pike was an influential man even before the Civil War began. A Bostonian by birth, he ended up a general in the Confederate army (facing page). After the Battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas in 1862 (center illustration), Pike was charged by the South with inciting Cherokee troops under his command to commit atrocities against the Federal dead and wounded. Above, Pike in his Masonic regalia.

ing law and passed the bar in 1837. He then sold the newspaper and became a reporter for the Arkansas Supreme Court. He wrote a law guidebook and also wrote and published poetry, which was highly regarded, earning him an honorary master of arts degree from Harvard in 1859.

When the Mexican-American War broke out in 1846, Pike joined the Army and was commissioned as a cavalry commander, fighting in the Battle of Buena Vista. He came in conflict with his superior officer, which led to a duel, but neither man was injured. After the war, he returned to his law practice authoring another law book which raised his

prominence in the legal field. He became an advocate for slavery in the 1850s and when the Whig Party was dissolved, he became a member of the American Party. As the Civil War approached, he was against secession but nevertheless took the side of the Confederacy when the war started.

He also made several contacts with Indian tribes and negotiated an \$800,000 agreement with the Creeks and other tribes and the federal government. He was made Confederate envoy to the Native Indians and negotiated several more agreements including a treaty between the Cherokee and the Confederacy in 1861. Pike was commissioned a brigadier general on Nov. 22, 1861 and given command in the Indian Territory, where he came up with the idea of training regiments of Indian cavalry. Trouble, though, began at the Battle of Pea Ridge when—after gaining an early advantage—Pike failed to rally his troops after a fierce enemy counterattack.

This brought him again in conflict with his superior officers. He had not only lost the battle, but he was facing charges that his men had scalped soldiers in the field. He was also charged with mishandling money and materiel. An order was put out for his arrest.

He fled into the hills of Arkansas, tendering his resignation to the Confederate army. He was later arrested in Texas and charged with insubordination and treason. Eventually he was acquitted, his resignation was accepted and he returned to Arkansas.

“By 1859 Pike had been elected Sovereign Grand Commander of the Scottish Rite’s Southern Jurisdiction. He remained a major force in Masonry for the remainder of his life.”

PIKE’S MASONIC HISTORY

Pike had joined the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in 1840 and also a Masonic Lodge and became very active in the affairs of the organization. By 1859 he had been elected Sovereign Grand Commander of the Scottish Rite’s Southern Jurisdiction. He remained Sovereign Grand Commander for the remainder of his life—32 years devoting a

large amount of his time to developing the rituals of the order. In 1871 he published *Morals and Dogma (of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry)*, which became one of the most important books in Freemasonry.

The role Albert Pike has played in the history of Freemasonry cannot be overstated. In the United States, Freemasonry came under vicious attack following the murder of Capt. William Morgan in 1828.

A Freemason himself, Morgan published a book in 1826 exposing forbidden secrets of the “craft,” which led to a group of Freemasons possibly drowning him in Niagara Falls. This alleged murder prompted a national outcry against Freemasonry, which then saw a 90% drop in membership and ultimately the closing of as many as 2,000 lodges. [See TBR, November/December 2011.—Ed.]

The creation of the Anti-Masonic Party showed great promise in the 1832 and 1836 elections, especially in New York and Pike’s home state of Massachusetts. Millard Fillmore, who became the 13th president in 1850, rose to prominence as a candidate for the party in 1828. John Quincy Adams (our sixth president) was also a staunch Anti-Masonic advocate.

An 1834 joint committee of the Massachusetts Legislature investigating the craft found that Freemasonry was “a distinct independent government within our own government, and beyond the control of the laws of the land by means of its secrecy.”

The Anti-Masonic Party was absorbed into the Whig Party, of which Pike was a promoter as publisher of the *Little Rock Advocate* until 1837. When Pike joined the Independent Order of the Oddfellows in 1840, the group managed to avoid being associated with Masonry. When anti-Masonic fervor abated, Pike officially joined the Masons in 1850. In 1856 he was admitted to the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, whereupon he rose to the title of MP sovereign grand commander of Supreme Council for the Southern Jurisdiction of the United States, headquartered in Charleston, South Carolina.

By the time the Civil War began in 1861, Albert Pike was the most powerful Freemason in the United States. That is no small feat. Due to the aforementioned atrocities his Indian troops committed against Union soldiers—alive and dead—Confederate President Jefferson Davis was forced to disband his unit.

After the War Between the States, Pike was tried, found guilty of treason and sent to jail.

Masons went to bat for him by lobbying U.S. President Andrew Johnson (himself a Mason) on Pike’s behalf. In 1866, Johnson pardoned Pike. The following day, Pike visited the president at the White House. The press was not informed of this meeting for nine months.

This scandal became a major reason for President Johnson’s impeachment proceedings. It is well documented that John Wilkes Booth was a 33rd degree Freemason and a member of the Knights of the Golden Circle. There is much evidence to support the notion that Booth was never killed, but instead fled overseas. Once there, the Rothschilds—who had sanctioned the assassination—protected him until his return to America.

And, as a co-founder of the Ku Klux Klan, a Confederate general and the top Freemason in America, is it logical to believe that Pike was completely in the dark about Lin-

coln’s assassination? Some have even alleged that Pike was the mastermind of the Lincoln assassination, but that is for another article.

Interestingly, the Knights of the Golden Circle were, according to some scholars, a Masonic creation of the Rothschilds used to foment dissent in the South for the purpose of starting the War for Southern Independence. After the war, the Knights of the Golden Circle

morphed into the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. (The term “Ku Klux” comes from the Greek word “kuklos,” meaning cycle or circle.)

When impeachment investigations against President Johnson began, Pike and Gen. Gordon Granger met with the president at the White House, allegedly for about three hours. Later, Granger was summoned before the House Judiciary Committee and asked about the meeting. The general had this to say: “They [Johnson and Pike] talked a great deal about Masonry. More about that than anything else, and from what they talked about between them . . . I understood from the conversation that the president was [Pike’s] subordinate in Masonry.”

Shortly thereafter, on June 20, 1867 the president received the fourth through the 32nd degrees of Masonry in his bedroom at the White House by a delegation of Scottish Rite officials. Later that month, Johnson journeyed to Boston to dedicate a Masonic temple, accompanied by Gen. Granger and a delegation of the Knights Templar.

“When the Civil War began in 1861, Albert Pike was the most powerful Freemason in the United States.”

ADAM WEISHAUP'T'S INFLUENCE

The story of Freemasonry is too broad to adequately explain herein, but this secret society has been very influential in politics since at least 1717 when it was officially founded. Most of our Founding Fathers were Freemasons, including George Washington and Ben Franklin. In fact, at least 14 presidents have been Freemasons, although the real number is probably higher. This is not to say that all these leaders had sinister motives. Indeed, the vast majority of prominent American Masons have been men of high character.

But much of Freemasonry was taken over by a darker occult element in 1776 under Adam Weishaupt, known as the Illuminati. This group was the driving force behind the French Revolution. Their goal was, and continues to be, world domination, or what we know today as the New World Order. Under the guise of starting revolutions in order to bring about secular, democratic governments, their real goal has been to remove the monarchs, churches and aristocracies that once ruled, thereby replacing them with more malleable elected puppets who they promote into office and control for their own interests. The goals and creed of the Illuminati evolved into the principles of communism as described by Karl Marx in his 1848 *Communist Manifesto*.

While Pike was running Freemasonry in the United States, a ruthless Italian by the name of Giuseppe Mazzini was the head of Freemasonry in Europe. He was a hugely dynamic radical who led several Masonic revolutions throughout Europe during the mid-19th century. It has been said that the term "Mafia" is an acronym for "*Mazzini autorizza furti, incendi, avvelenamenti*" (Mazzini authorizes theft, arson, poisoning). Mazzini's goals were identical to those of Marx since they both came from the same source, the Bavarian Illuminati, and used the same buzzwords of the French Revolution: "liberty, equality, fraternity."

In 1846, two years before Marx's *Communist Manifesto* was published, Mazzini advocated revolution, making a call for action, not learned debate. "Learned discussions are neither necessary nor opportune. There are regenerative words which contain all that need be often repeated to the public. 'Liberty, rights of man, progress, equality [and] fraternity' is what the people will understand above all."

These powerful symbolic words and concepts continue to be used today without people's awareness of their magic power. They mean nothing, yet it is what people want to hear. The masses are urged to take action with the promise of attaining these abstract ideals.

ORIGINS OF THE ILLUMINATI



A Special Honor

During his lifetime, some of his peers regarded Albert Pike as the reincarnation of Homer, Zoroaster and Plato. A legal scholar, "champion walker," Confederate general and America's top Mason at the time of the Civil War, Pike is venerated with a huge monument towering over Judiciary Square in our nation's capital—the only Confederate general to receive such an honor. In his hand he holds his book *Morals and Dogma* while his right hand is held out in a position of "blessing." The banner portrays the double-headed giant eagle, or *haga*, of Lagash; one head is male and the other female, representing the divine generative potency, God and nature, or Osiris and Isis. It is said to be the oldest crest in the world. The pyramid atop the eagle is said to symbolize wisdom, power and beauty. The "woman" is actually Athena/Minerva, Greek/Roman goddess of wisdom or perhaps Isis. The secrets of Masonry, symbolized by the banner, are, however, not for even the eyes of the goddess of wisdom, as she gazes away in subservience to Pike, who towers over her as if he is her master.

It is necessary to take a long diversion here to tie in the origins of the Illuminati philosophy. The influence secret societies have had on the evolution of Western civilization is astounding. A long analysis would be necessary to isolate that influence, which, unfortunately, cannot be done here. However, it is important to note that many “intellectuals” throughout history were members of secret societies. Since the Renaissance, these secret societies have exerted an ever-increasing amount of influence on philosophy, science and religion.

This underlying movement became what is known as secular humanism—i.e., the idea that man’s rational thought is superior to religious superstition. Although there is some truth to that statement, behind its promotion were forces that wanted to displace Christianity, and even the concept of God, as an authority over the minds and hearts of the populace.

Christianity was an enemy that these secret societies had made war on since the Middle Ages. Starting with the crusades in the 1100s, the Knights Templar were formed, quickly becoming a powerful force throughout Europe. Behind the front of Christian knighthood they practiced occult and satanic rituals and had heretical views of Christianity. During the Fourth Crusade in 1204 the Templars conspired with the Venetians to sack Constantinople, which was the largest, richest and most powerful city in the world at the time. In fact, Constantinople was the Second Rome, and the emperor of Byzantium had the most gold and a divine right of money creation. That power was taken away in 1204 by the Templars and the Venetian Black Nobility.

The Templars became fabulously wealthy through banking and other means and were also skilled masons who built most of the great Gothic cathedrals of the Middle Ages. These cathedrals incorporated an array of occult symbolism unknown to most people. They became so powerful that the pope and the king of France felt it necessary to destroy them and burn their leader Jacques de Molay at the stake in 1307. The survivors were forced to go underground, and many ended up in Scotland where they formed what became the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry. They vowed to someday get revenge on both the Catholic Church and the French monarchy.

Their continued practice of forbidden rituals, alchemy and promotion of ideas considered blasphemous resulted

in the Templars’ continued persecution by the Catholic Church until followers were forced to flee to safe havens.

Starting with the Renaissance, many key figures like Leonardo da Vinci and the Medicis—who financed much of the movement—were members of secret societies like the Knights Templars and Rosicrucians. The red cross on the sails of Christopher Columbus’s ships was really the cross of the Knights Templar, who had already been to the New World over 100 years earlier.

The Reformation, which followed the Renaissance, was also backed by anti-Catholic forces who wanted to divide and destroy the Catholic Church. Although Martin Luther was genuine in his protests against the Church, there were powerful forces exploiting his efforts for their agenda.

This was also true with the Age of Reason, which followed the Reformation. The Catholic Church was forced into a position of defending antiquated ideas and looked upon by some as an impediment to progress. Brilliant scientists like Galileo, Copernicus and Kepler were challenging the Church’s geocentric paradigm of the structure of

the universe and the very notion of God’s relationship with man. Geniuses like Rene Descartes, Francis Bacon, Isaac Newton and Thomas Hobbes broke new ground in science and philosophy.

The Age of Enlightenment, which followed with the dawn of the 18th century, received great support from intellectuals as the cat was out of the bag now in terms of intellectual advancement. It was becoming retrogressive to think along antiquated ideologies. John Locke, Voltaire, Rousseau and other philosophers moved even further toward challenging the *status quo* of the political and religious beliefs of their times.

The first grand lodge of Freemasonry was established in London, circa 1717, and grew by leaps and bounds both in Europe and the New World. It was in those times that America’s Founding Fathers lived. Freemasonry represented the progressive liberal mindset among the elite of those days. It was only natural that so many would gravitate to the Masonic lodges. It was with these ideas that the United States was created. Hobbes, Locke and Paine were the main influences on Jeffersonian philosophy, which then became the foundational beliefs of the United States.

SECRET SOCIETIES

“Christianity was an enemy that these secret societies had made war on since the Middle Ages.”

The Freemasons and most other secret societies were an embodiment of the principles of the Knights Templar, who were destroyed by the Catholic Church and the King of France in 1306. Truth be told, these secret societies really go back to antiquity and are much older than Christianity, or even Judaism. In fact, at the inner core of their dogma they are virtually identical with the Jewish mysticism known as the Kabbala. What many people don't understand about Freemasonry is that it has at least 33 levels of initiation. Although the vast majority of Freemasons, who never progress beyond the first three levels known as the Blue degrees, see Freemasonry as a benevolent organization devoted to the betterment of mankind, those who progress to the upper echelon learn that there's a much bigger mission at that level. The grudge that Masons held against the Catholic Church and French monarchy was real, as both institutions have found out by now.

Looking into world history over the past 500 years, when reading between the lines of mankind's progress, there exist darker forces that have their own agenda to destroy the institutions of Western civilization in order to seize the reins of power. Although it appears inconceivable that there could be such a long-range agenda by a hidden force to conquer the world, a careful study of history easily reveals this. What was promoted as the triumph of man's reason over religious superstition was in reality an attack on Christianity, and even the concept of God. What was promoted as the separation of church and state was really an attack on both. What appeared as a promotion of democracy and liberty was really an attack on the dynastic rule of monarchies and the aristocracy so that they could be replaced with puppet presidents.

The steps followed in the ascending degrees of these secret societies are similar to the evolution of world history over the past few centuries. An initiate starts out as a devout Christian, with Masonry presenting itself as a Christian organization. Since other sects are also welcome, one is discouraged from openly practicing his own brand of Christianity, thus becoming a generic Christian. Then, Jesus is presented as a great prophet, no different than Moses, Buddha, Mohammed or Krishna. From there, one becomes a deist, like most of the Founding Fathers were, where God created the universe but has played no active role since then. After that, one becomes an agnostic, not being sure one way

or the other. Then he discovers the enlightenment of Lucifer and becomes intoxicated with the power that comes with the abandonment of morals. After that comes Satanism, where one dabbles in black magic and downright bloodlust types of activities including ritual murder, incest, torture, even mass murder in order to satisfy these hedonistic cravings.

The word Enlightenment doesn't denote a light which emanates from reading books and learning. It refers to the illumination associated with the light bearer, otherwise known as Lucifer. This is the light that comes with experiencing knowledge of the secret doctrines of Gnosticism. It is eating from the fruit of the Tree of Good and Evil. The words "enlighten" and "illuminate" are synonymous. Illumination refers to a vivid flash of insight or understanding, regardless of what means are used to obtain it.

Secular humanism is another way to describe the Age of Enlightenment. The terms "secular" and "humanism" might sound appealing, but secular refers to the negation of religion, and humanism means that God is not in the equation. The promise was that man does not need God, and that he himself can be as God solely by the use of his own reason.

The Luciferian philosophy believes that Adam and Eve were held prisoners in the Garden of Eden, and that they were set free from the chains of ignorance by the gift of intellect from Satan. Through the use of this gift of intellect man himself will become God.

The Illuminati's goal was to unite Europe under their domination and ultimately to create a world government. While Mazzini did much to achieve that goal throughout the 19th century, especially in uniting Italy, he found that nationalism ran strong in the human spirit and was difficult to subdue.

In 1871, it is alleged Mazzini and Pike set to work on what would be their greatest plan—perhaps the most ambitious geopolitical plan of all time—a plan so vast in scope that only a reader familiar with the awesome power wielded by secret societies could begin to believe it.

What follows is an analysis of the Pike-Mazzini plan, its basis in history and a look at how far that plan has advanced today.

THREE WORLD WARS

In 1871, Pike is said to have issued a letter in which he

"These secret societies really go back to antiquity and are much older than Christianity, or even Judaism."

outlined the final three-part plan of the Illuminati: their grand design for ridding not just Europe, but the entire world of Christianity and bringing it under the “illuminated” dictatorship of Luciferianism. This infamous letter was allegedly on display for many years in the British Museum Library in London, although that allegation has been disputed by some researchers.

This ambitious plan was to be carried out over a period of 100 years or more and required three world wars in order to break down the deep-rooted feelings of nationalism. These wars would be so bloody and chaotic that eventually every nation would surrender its sovereignty to an international government—as was seen with the League of Nations after World War I and the UN after World War II—in order to prevent subsequent global bloodletting. Looking at this plan with the benefit of hindsight, it is remarkable to note how accurately it describes wars of the 20th century—and possibly the 21st.

Here is the gist of the infamous Pike-Mazzini letter of 1871:

The first world war must be brought about in order to permit the Illuminati to overthrow the power of the czars in Russia and of making that country a fortress of atheistic communism. The divergences caused by the “*agentur*” (agents) of the Illuminati between the British and Germanic empires will be used to foment this war. At the end of the war, communism will be built and used in order to destroy other governments in order to weaken the religions.

The second world war must be fomented by taking advantage of the differences between the fascists and the political Zionists. This war must be brought about so that Naziism is destroyed and that political Zionism is strong enough to institute a sovereign state of Israel in Palestine. During the second world war, international communism must become strong enough in order to balance Christendom, which would then be restrained and held in check until the time when we would need it for the final social cataclysm.

The third world war must be fomented by taking advantage of differences caused by the *agentur* of the Illuminati between political Zionists and leaders of the Islamic world.

This war must be conducted in such a way that Islam (the Muslim Arabic world) and political Zionism mutually destroy each other. Meanwhile, the other nations, once more divided on this issue, will be constrained to fight to the point of complete physical, moral, spiritual and eco-

nomic exhaustion.

We shall unleash the nihilists and the atheists, and we shall provoke a formidable social cataclysm which in all its horror will show clearly to the nations the effect of absolute atheism, origins of savagery and of the most bloody turmoil.

Then everywhere, the citizens, obliged to defend themselves against the world minority of revolutionaries, will exterminate those destroyers of civilization, and the multitude, disillusioned with Christianity, whose deistic spirits will from that moment be without compass or direction, anxious for an ideal, but without knowing where to render its adoration, will receive the true light through the universal manifestation of the pure doctrine of Lucifer, brought finally out in the public view.

This manifestation will result from the general reactionary movement which will follow the destruction of Christianity and atheism, both conquered and exterminated at the same time.

“We shall unleash the nihilists and the atheists, and we shall provoke a formidable social cataclysm.”

Although Zionism would not be officially launched until 1897, it had been in the works for decades prior to that, as had *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. The *Protocols* also detail a long-term plan of world conquest which, like Pike’s letter, have been proven quite accurate in describing Zionist world domination which has been unfolding since then, no matter what you think about their authentic-

ity. The *Protocols* also describe how Russia was to be the first victim in the quest for world conquest. In fact, the two plans seem to run parallel to each other. While the *Protocols* describe an economic and social world domination plan, Pike’s letter provides the military means needed to bring the world to its knees.

CALL FOR GENOCIDE

Both plans involve using “communism” as an ideological means to turn the masses into a revolutionary force to take down Russia and use it as a tool to conquer the rest of the world. Marx, the official founder of communism, merely perfected a plan laid out by Weishaupt as conveyed to him by Moses Hess, a Weishaupt disciple.

Marx, who was both a Jew and Satanist, wrote in 1848 that the “Slavic riff-raff,” referring to the Russian people, as well as the Czechs and Croats, were “retrograde” races, whose only function in future world history was as cannon

fodder. “The coming world war will cause not only reactionary classes and dynasties, but entire reactionary peoples to disappear from the face of the Earth, and that will be progress,” Marx stressed.

In the same year, Marx’s associate Friedrich Engels echoed these sentiments. “The coming world war will make whole reactionary peoples disappear from the face of the Earth. This too will be progress. Obviously, this cannot be fulfilled without crushing some delicate national flower. But without violence and without pitilessness, nothing can be obtained in history.”

There can be no mistaking that a definite plan existed for upcoming world wars, especially at a time when none had yet taken place. Pike and Mazzini simply fleshed out a plan long in the making. It would take more than half a century for Marx’s and Engels’s plan to materialize, and after almost a century and a half we are still seeing Pike and Mazzini’s plan unfolding in today’s wars in the Mideast.

Although there can be no doubt that there was a definite plan to conquer Russia and use communism to destroy Christianity and the European nations, there are glitches in Pike’s letter which have caused some to question its authenticity. Specifically, it is hard to imagine that in 1871 Pike could have predicted the rise (and naming) of Italian Fascism and German National Socialism (Nazism), movements that were not established until the 1920s. The implication is that these movements were somehow planned more than 50 years earlier by Pike or the global power brokers he represented. This would indicate that their founders, namely Mussolini and Hitler, were nothing more than pawns of the elite acting on a script written half a century earlier. That theory is dubious at best. Here’s why:

First, it’s a great stretch of the imagination to believe that these ultra-nationalist movements, which were created to combat the spread of communism, were actually planned by the Illuminati. Secondly, how could Pike know in 1871 that Mussolini would call his movement “Fascism” and Hitler would call his “National Socialism”?

Are we to believe that these names were dictated to them by their globalist masters who created these movements simply to start WWII?

A closer study of how these fascist movements arose makes it clear that they were genuine homegrown nationalist movements, which actually came close to toppling the globalists’ plans. Surely their creation and rise to power was not something that the globalists would have welcomed. Had Hitler won WWII, which he easily could have had fate been a bit kinder to him and Germany, the Illuminati’s elaborate

The Freemasons—Pro and Con: Tell TBR What You Think . . .

Over the years TBR has published articles touching on the role of Freemasonry in world affairs. And, without fail, we have received letters from readers complaining our articles denigrated Freemasonry and misrepresented its agenda.

The fact is that—right now—there is a wide variety of material critical of Freemasonry coming from remarkably diverse sources. For example, large numbers of Protestant fundamentalists and traditionalist Roman Catholics—though in sharp disagreement on other matters—stand opposed to Freemasonry, while many other Protestant fundamentalists express support for Freemasonry. In addition, there is an immense amount of material negative to Freemasonry found on the Internet, much of it downright ludicrous, but often interwoven with factual information.

Freemasonry is—and always has been—controversial, the subject of strenuous debate. But TBR has never shied away from controversy. What do you think? Should TBR devote a special issue to the topic of Freemasonry from a variety of perspectives? Would you be interested in contributing material—pro or con—for publication in that special issue? Let us know by writing: Managing Editor, TBR, P.O. Box 15877,

plans would be foiled forever, causing them to run for cover.

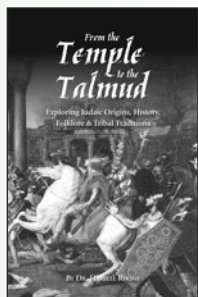
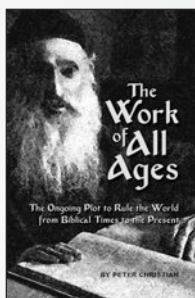
Was this letter in question, supposedly written by Pike, a total fabrication? If so, what could have been its purpose? Everything seems to be hauntingly accurate: the first two wars happened exactly as “predicted,” and for reasons already stated, the forces at work for WWII are exactly those we see taking place in the Middle East today.

What proof do we have that the Pike-Mazzini letter ever existed? Cardinal Caro y Rodriguez published *The Mystery of Freemasonry Unveiled* in 1925. Rodriguez made several references to particular sources for the Pike letter in question. One of those sources is *Le Palladisme: Culte de Satan-Lucifer dans les Triangles Maconniques* by Domenico Margiotta. However, most attempts to authenticate the existence of the letter—let alone its contents—have been unsuccessful. It was alleged at one point that the letter was in the British Museum Library and that William Guy Carr, a former Intelligence Officer in the Royal Canadian Navy and now considered an icon in the pantheon of some conspiracy the-

Judaism & Secret Societies

The Work of All Ages: The Ongoing Plot to Rule the World from Biblical Times to the Present. This book is a brief history of the

Jewish people, from the days of Abraham to the present. They are a very intelligent group, hard working and well organized, but are often resented, disliked and persecuted. From ancient times, they are alleged to have had a vision of world supremacy, based on the belief that they are God's "chosen people." Today, many look forward to the coming of the Jewish messiah, who will lead them to rule the world from Jerusalem. The state of Israel—in Zionist eyes the reincarnation of legendary kingdoms—however, has no problem targeting the great Christian and Muslim centers of the world with nuclear weapons if it is threatened with destruction before this comes about. In 33 chapters, this book reviews some of the things that have been done over the centuries—often in great secrecy—to advance this agenda. Softcover, 230 pages, #585, \$25.



From the Temple to the Talmud: Exploring Judaic Origins, History, Folklore and Tribal Traditions. In *From the Temple to the Talmud*, Dr. Harrell Rhome offers a panoramic look at Jewish history, culture and religion from a Revisionist perspective. Not content to merely repeat the findings of previous researchers, Rhome offers a new interpretation of Jewish history, one that is

sure to enrage some and leave others standing in ovation. Going back to primary and ancient sources, while also including research from scholars (many of whom are now considered too politically incorrect to cite by mainstream academicians), Rhome covers this expansive history in a lively and easy to read style, accompanied by many illustrations and a lengthy list of sources for future research. No doubt, after reading *From the Temple to the Talmud*, you will be well versed in this fascinating and vitally important subject which Rhome refers to as "the curiously camouflaged and conveniently convoluted chronicle of the people called the Jews." Genetics, religion, symbolism, customs, holy books, ancient enclaves, dispersions, banishments, secret societies, cultural origins, linguistics—this book has it all. Softcover, 261 page, #606, \$25.

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orists, had photographed it or at least transcribed it. This appears fraudulent. Carr admits in his book *Satan: Prince of This World*, that—quoting an official from the British Museum Library—"The Keeper of Manuscripts recently informed the author that this letter is *not* catalogued in the British Museum Library. It seems strange that a man of Cardinal Rodriguez's knowledge should have said that it *was* in 1925." This indicates that Carr never actually saw the original letter with his own eyes.

However, Carr may have at one time seen a "Reader's Di-



Born in England in 1895, William Guy Carr was a lifelong sailor and a Canadian naval intelligence officer during WWII. After the war, Carr's books about his maritime experiences became quite popular. His conspiracy book *Pawns in the Game* allegedly sold 500,000 copies.

gest" version of the text of the letter in which some more modern author edited it for latter-day consumption, including terms like "political Zionism," "communism" and "Nazism" to make it more familiar to the reader of the day. Thus this "edited version" was copied by researchers and presented as the text of the letter itself. Today it is ubiquitous on the Internet despite its questionable origins.

Despite the controversy, the fact remains that—even if written as late as 1951 when it was referred to by Carr—the "Pike letter's" "prediction" of the conditions needed to bring about WWII and the pitting of Muslims against Christians to attain this end, have certainly been achieved when we look at what is happening in the Mideast today. ♦

PETE PAPAHERAKLES is a member of TBR's board of contributing editors and consultants. He has written several well-received articles in TBR over the years, including one defending the honor of Alexander the Great (January/February 2011). He is also a writer and political cartoonist for AMERICAN FREE PRESS newspaper in Washington, D.C. as well as AFP's outreach director. Pete is interested in getting AFP and TBR writers and editors on the podium at patriotic and historical events. Call him at 202-544-5977 if you know of an event you think AFP should attend.

HISTORY YOU MAY HAVE MISSED

A digest of interesting historical news items gleaned from various sources around the world that most likely did not appear in your local newspaper or on your nightly television news broadcasts:

✂ ✂ ✂

VICTORY FOR FREE SPEECH

The U.S. Department of Education's Office for Civil Rights has dismissed a complaint against the University of California at Berkeley asserting that anti-Israel protests on the campus created a hostile environment for Jewish students, according to reports by the *Los Angeles Times* and Berkeley's news center. The office began its investigation in 2012 after receiving a complaint on behalf of a student and a former student who had sued Berkeley, accusing it of tolerating anti-Semitism. In a settlement with the university, the two plaintiffs agreed to drop their lawsuit, which they had been asking an appellate court to reinstate. Their lawyer then asked the Office for Civil Rights to investigate what the students described as "a pervasive hostile environment toward Jews" on the campus. In a letter to the university last week, a copy of which is posted on the Berkeley center's website, the federal office announced that it was closing its investigation after determining that the campus demonstrations cited by the plaintiffs "do not constitute actionable harassment." "In the university environment," the letter states, "exposure to such robust and discordant expressions, even when personally offensive and hurtful, is a circumstance that a reasonable student in higher education may experience."

✂ ✂ ✂

PREHISTORIC COYOTES

Coyotes today (*Canis latrans*) are only some two-thirds the size (in weight) of their ice age counterparts (*Canis latrans orcutti*), according to a new paleontological report. Between some 11,500 and 10,000 years ago—a blink of an eye, geologically speaking—coyotes shrank dramatically to their present size. The sudden dwindling was most likely a response to

shrinking food supply and changed interactions with competitors, rather than the warming climate, researchers believe. During the ice age, coyotes were as large as some wolves.

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DOMESTICATED SNAILS

We thought the first animal to be domesticated was the wolf, which thus became the dog, tamed about 40,000 years ago. But British historian Felipe Fernández-Armesto posits that land snails were the first creatures herded and bred for food by humans, thousands of years deeper into the Paleolithic era. They are an efficient food, self-packaged in a shell that serves at mealtime as a receptacle. At the well-excavated Klissoura site in what is now southern Greece, snail shells become particularly common in the late Paleolithic. Surprisingly, the shells at many excavated sites are large by today's standards, indicating man likely had engaged in selective breeding of snails at the end of the ice age—an art that has since been lost to us moderns.

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FAITH VS. GULLIBILITY

According to an old rumor still going around, chariots and bones of both humans and horses have been found in an area in the Gulf of Aqaba, dating from when, according to the Old Testament, Moses parted the Red Sea, and the Egyptian army was engulfed when the waters went back where they belonged. On the Internet, you can find versions of this rumor, complete with photos of what are claimed to be chariot wheels, or at least one chariot wheel, at the sea bottom. Logically, the Hebrews would not be crossing the gulf, even if the story were true, as Aqaba is way out of any kind of way. More logically they might have crossed the Gulf of Suez, which they pretty much would have to cross anyway (see any map of the region), unless they took a more northerly route. A rational person would ask whether these shiny wheels and axles were made of gold, so that no coral would grow on them? Or you might ask why no one

has bothered to dredge these priceless relics up and exhibit them, if they really exist. This is hardly the only hoax found in the Old Testament. For more, see the new book entitled *Fountain of Fairytales: A Scholarly Romp Through the Old Testament* available from TBR for \$20 plus \$5 S&H inside the U.S.

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HITLER'S BODYGUARD DIES

Rochus Misch, 96, died recently. He was one of Adolf Hitler's bodyguards. In an interview in 2005, he said he knew nothing about any 6 million Jews being murdered and that Hitler never mentioned anything about it in his hearing. "That was never a topic, never," he said. "He was a wonderful boss." He recalled that on April 22, Hitler said: "That's it. The war is lost. Everybody can go." However, he also claimed Hitler clung to a hope springing from what turned out to be a false report that the western Allies had called upon Germany to hold Berlin for two more weeks against the Soviets so that they could then battle communism together. "He still believed in a union between west and east," said Misch. "Hitler liked England, except for Churchill." Misch later wrote a very revealing war diary that's recommended reading.

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MYSTERY OF THE MONITOR

When the Union ironclad *USS Monitor* was fished out of the water off the coast of North Carolina in 2002, researchers noticed something odd: The heavily armored turret was found to have two large dents in it—not unusual except for the fact that the dents were made from the inside. Turns out the two massive Dahlgren cannon (nine tons each) used on the *Monitor* had a revolutionary braking system to counter their 26-foot recoil. *Monitor's* turret was but 21 feet in diameter. During sea trials the guns kicked so badly they flew off their carriages, slamming into the inside wall of the turret hard enough to make the massive dents in the thick steel bulkhead. To compensate, the gunpowder charge was halved during the Hampton

The Last Message of Jeff Davis to the People of the Confederacy

BY THE TIME THE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH read the following defiant April 4, 1865 message from their president, Jefferson Davis, the war was all but over. Just five days later, on April 9, Gen. Robert E. Lee and his staff met at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, to sign the surrender papers for the Army of Northern Virginia. A few days after that, Lee's army in Virginia was disbanded. By May 10, Davis himself was in federal custody in Georgia. In the message, the stubborn Davis urges the people of the South to continue their struggle for freedom against the U.S. federal government, calling for even more sacrifice.

a
By Jefferson Davis

Danville, Va., April 4, 1865.

The general in chief of our Army has found it necessary to make such movements of the troops as to uncover the capital and thus involve the withdrawal of the government from the city of Richmond.

It would be unwise, even were it possible, to conceal the great moral as well as material injury to our cause that must result from the occupation of Richmond by the enemy. It is equally unwise and unworthy of us, as patriots engaged in a most sacred cause, to allow our energies to falter, our spirits to grow faint or our efforts to become relaxed under reverses, however calamitous. While it has been to us a source of national pride that for four years of unequalled warfare we have been able, in close proximity to the center of the enemy's power, to maintain the seat of our chosen government free from the pollution of his presence; while the memories of the heroic dead who have freely given their lives to its defense must ever remain enshrined in our hearts; while the preservation of the capital, which is usually regarded as the evidency to mankind of separate national existence, was an object very dear to us, it is also true, and

"Let us but will it, and we are free; and who, in the light of the past, dare doubt your purpose in the future?"

should not be forgotten, that the loss which we have suffered is not without compensation. For many months the largest and finest army of the Confederacy, under the command of a leader whose presence inspires equal confidence in the troops and the people, has been greatly trammelled by the necessity of keeping constant watch over the approaches to the capital, and has thus been forced to forego more than one opportunity for promising enterprise.

The hopes and confidence of the enemy have been constantly excited by the belief that their possession of Richmond would be the signal for our submission to their rule, and relieve them from the burden of war, as their failing resources admonish them it must be abandoned if not speedily brought to a successful close. It is for us, my countrymen,

to show by our bearing under reverses how wretched has been the self-deception of those who have believed us less able to endure misfortune with fortitude than to encounter danger with courage. We have now entered upon a new phase of a struggle the memory of which is to endure for all ages and to shed an increasing luster upon our country.

Relieved from the necessity of guarding cities and particular points, important but not vital to our defense, with an army free to move from point to point and strike in detail the detachments and garrisons of the enemy, op-

erating on the interior of our own country, where supplies are more accessible, and where the foe will be far removed from his own base and cut off from all succor in case of reverse, nothing is now needed to render our triumph certain but the exhibition of our own unquenchable resolve. Let us but will it, and we are free; and who, in the light of the past, dare doubt your purpose in the future?

Animated by the confidence in your spirit and fortitude, which never yet has failed me, I announce to you, fellow-countrymen, that it is my purpose to maintain your cause with my whole heart and soul; that I will never consent to abandon to the enemy one foot of the soil of any one of the States of the Confederacy; that Virginia, noble State, whose ancient renown has been eclipsed by her still more glorious recent history, whose bosom has been bared to receive the main shock of this war, whose sons and daughters have exhibited heroism so sublime as to render her illustrious in all times to come—that Virginia, with the help of her people, and by the blessing of Providence, shall be held and defended, and no peace ever be made with the infamous invaders of her homes by the sacrifice of any of her rights or territory. If by stress of numbers we should ever be compelled to a temporary withdrawal from her limits, or those of any other border State, again and again will we return, until the baffled and exhausted enemy shall abandon in despair his endless and impossible task of making slaves of a people resolved to be free.

Let us not, then, despond, my countrymen; but, relying on the never-failing mercies and protecting care of our God, let us meet the foe with fresh defiance, with unconquered and unconquerable hearts. ♦

—JEFF'N DAVIS

Transcribed from *Messages and Papers of the Confederacy*, compiled by James D. Richardson (2 vols., 1904), Vol. 1, pp. 568-70.



The Other Jefferson Davis . . .

Jefferson Davis, the Confederate president, shared a name with a Union general, Jefferson Davis, from Indiana—a veteran of the Mexican and Modoc wars. Allegedly, this similarity came back to haunt the federals. According to historians from “The Civil War Parlor”: “During the Battle of Chickamauga in 1863, as darkness fell on Horseshoe Ridge, members of the 21st Ohio saw a swarm of men approaching but couldn’t tell if they were friend or foe. Most assumed they were Union reinforcements, but a few feared they were Confederates. As the troops grew closer, one Union soldier called out, ‘What troops are you?’ The collective reply was ‘Jeff Davis’s troops.’ The Ohio soldiers relaxed, believing they meant the Union general. A few moments later, they were staring down the muzzles and bayonets of the 7th Florida. The Ohioans surrendered. The Confederates won the battle.” Gen. Davis was not a man to be trifled with. While convalescing in Kentucky after being wounded, he got into a spat with his commanding officer, Gen. William “Bull” Nelson. Nelson slapped Davis. Davis pulled out his revolver and shot Nelson dead. He was imprisoned, but the shortage of field-tested Union officers paved the way for his release and further action in the Civil War.

The Unsung Dogs of War: From the Civil War to Today

AMONG WAR SCHOLARS, re-enactors and students of history, heartwarming stories still circulate about courage and loyalty exhibited by canines during the “Civil” War, especially those that risked their own lives to protect wounded soldiers on the battlefield. As readers will see, this bravery extended well past the 1861-65 war, with tens of thousands of dogs faithfully serving the American armed forces during World War I, World War II, Korea, Vietnam, Afghanistan and Iraq.

By Victor Thorn

When America's War Between the States began in April 1861, many of the soldiers were young men who were torn from their homes, often for the first time in their lives. To lessen their homesick blues and the horror of fighting fellow Americans, scores of these teens and young adult soldiers toted with them their most valued possession—a pet dog that, frequently, they'd grown up with for years.

Quite possibly the most famous Civil War dog was Sallie, a four-week-old pug-nosed bull terrier that a resident of West Chester, Pa. presented to First Lt. William Terry of the 11th Infantry Unit. Enamored with this pup's beauty, one of Terry's fellow recruits named her Sallie in honor of a stunning local girl.

But the dog Sallie's talents transcended mere appearance. As the 11th Infantry trotted off to war, Sallie quickly became acquainted with the regiment's bugle calls and drum roll for reveille. In fact, each morning it was Sallie that first raced from her tent to begin daily exercise routines. As dreary-eyed soldiers tried to wipe the sleep from their

eyes, Sallie would sidle up to them and dance between their legs for encouragement—a source of energy and inspiration.

In no time the 11th Infantry made Sallie its official mascot, particularly when they discovered she only disliked three things: Democrats, women and any combatant that opposed her troop. How Sallie could distinguish between Republicans and Democrats is a subject of much debate—even today.

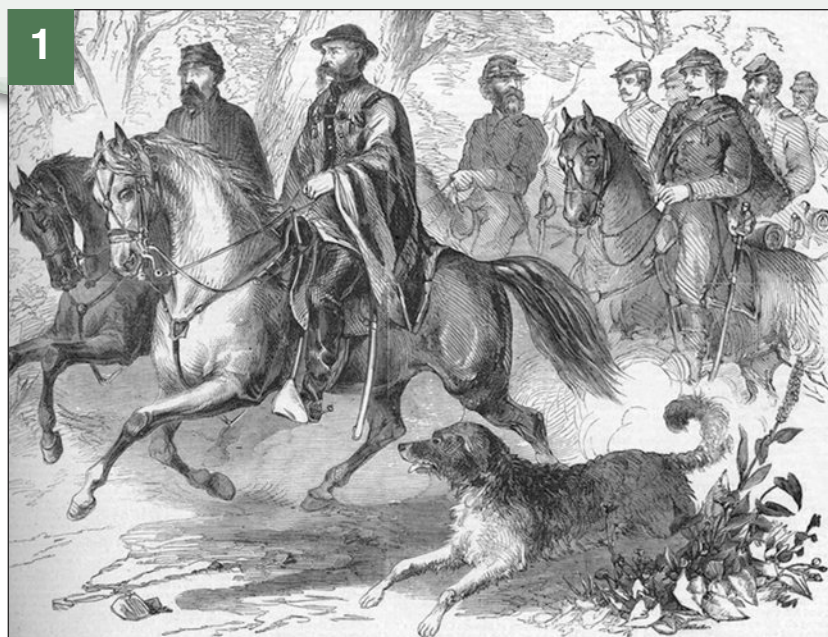
By 1862, Sallie received her first introduction to combat at Cedar Mountain in Virginia. Teeming with bravado, Sallie immediately sped to the front lines, leading her men as she yelped and bayed at the approaching enemy. Emboldened by her fearlessness, the 11th Infantry seemed to receive added morale from her gutsy example.

Such valor, though, did not come without danger. In an April 1984 article for *Dog World* magazine, Fred Lanting, a retired judge from the prestigious American Kennel Club, described a particularly harrowing experience.

On May 8, 1864 Sallie was shot in the neck and had to be taken to the hospital. . . . [T]he head surgeon inspected and treated her, but determined the bullet could not be safely removed. A few days later she returned to active duty. . . . [S]everal months later the wound in her neck, which had developed into a cyst the size of an egg, began to fester. When the cyst broke and released the [bullet], the wound began to heal, in time leaving a noticeable and honorable battle scar.

This brush with mortality wasn't the only one. Earlier, at the Battle of Gettysburg, Sallie couldn't find her regiment for three days. Instead of panicking or fleeing, she instead vigilantly stood near the bodies of fellow soldiers who had been slain until reinforcements arrived.

Sallie's fortitude became so legendary—especially after twice escaping capture by Confederate soldiers—that



at one military review, President Abraham Lincoln himself saluted her with a tip of his iconic stovepipe hat. Those in attendance said Sallie beamed with as much pride as all the other men surrounding her.

Tragically, Sallie's fate mirrored those of 600,000-plus others (soldiers, that is) in a war that nearly ended forever the union as we know it. Already suffering from a neck wound that had been covered by what admirers called a "red badge of courage," on Feb. 6, 1865 Sallie received a fatal shot at Hatcher's Run in Virginia. Dying instantly and without pain, a silver lining still blessed this grievous scene. After soldiers buried Sallie's body, they later heard some faint whining sounds emanating from a hollow tree. Inside its trunk they detected a brood of puppies Sallie had recently given birth to. Wanting to keep her memory alive, the 11th Infantry nursed the pups before entrusting them to local residents to keep her bloodline going.

An even greater honor arrived 25 years later in 1890 when survivors from the 11th Infantry erected a memorial for their fallen comrades at Oak Ridge on the Gettysburg Battlefield. At the base of this monument stood a bronze

Above, a collection of war dogs from the War Between the States. 1) This image of Hungarian Union Gen. Alexander Asboth with his dog York at the Battle of Pea Ridge appeared in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. Whether York survived the perilous situations to which his master subjected him is unknown, but he was rarely mentioned after the battle. 2) This monument features a sculpture of Sallie, the loyal and useful mascot of the 11th Pennsylvania Infantry. 3) This regal Irish wolfhound statue sits at the base of the monument to the three New York regiments of the Irish Brigade at Gettysburg. Interestingly, it was sculpted by William R. O'Donovan, a former Confederate soldier. 4) Harvey, a bull terrier that traveled with the 104th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, known as the Barking Dog Regiment. Harvey became part of the unit in 1862, and he was allegedly fitted with a collar that said, "I am Lt. D.M. Stearn's dog; whose dog are you?" 5) A picture of Union Gen. George Armstrong Custer taken in July 1864 with one of his dogs. Custer liked to have dogs around him in camp, most likely to warn of surprise attacks by the enemy, but also because he was known as quite a dog lover. (See the March/April 2013 issue of TBR.)

statue of Sallie lying peacefully below the feet of her fellow fighters, just as she had done so many times during the Civil War.

Other tributes have also been bestowed on Civil War dogs. At Gettysburg stands a dignified Irish wolfhound lying beneath a Keltic cross to commemorate an Irish brigade from New York City. Gen. Robert E. Lee said of this troop, "Never were men so brave."

This section wouldn't be complete without mentioning a bull terrier named Old Harvey that represented an Ohio volunteer infantry known as the "Barking Dog Regiment." After once being wounded in battle and captured by Lee's men near Georgia's Kennesaw Mountain, the "rebels" felt such compassion for Harvey that they called a momentary truce and returned the beleaguered bulldog. Years later, at their reunions, the Barking Dogs emblazoned their uniforms with badges carrying Harvey's picture.

THE TRADITION CONTINUES

To understand how dogs have served military needs beyond the Civil War, on Sept. 17 THE BARNES REVIEW spoke with Ron Aiello, president of the U.S. War Dogs Association. Having served in Vietnam from 1966 to 1967 as a dog handler, Aiello brought his love for these animals back to the States. "Canines are four-legged soldiers,"

Aiello began. "They're one of the best assets our military has today. You can't replicate what they do."

When asked to expand on this notion, Aiello offered a perspective that can't be appreciated simply by examining the bottom line of a balance sheet. "For a lot of troops, dogs provide a little piece of home. It's a form of therapy. In Vietnam, soldiers asked if they could pet and hug my dog Stormy. For that brief moment, it was like they were home again. Between a dog and his handler, there are bonds that last a lifetime. It's been 47 years since I left 'Nam, but I still think about Stormy every day."

Obviously touched by his relationship with Stormy, Aiello continued: "Handlers live with their dogs 24 hours a day, seven days a week. We never leave their side or go anywhere alone. Stormy and I slept, ate, worked and even went to the bathroom together. Dogs have a responsibility to their handler, plus handlers have a 100% responsibility to them. These dogs protect their handlers and troops, and in return all they ask of us is love and friendship."

"Harvey was captured by some Confederate soldiers, but was soon returned unharmed to his Union masters."

TBR next inquired about some memorable stories following the Civil War. Aiello initially spoke about Stubby, who was affectionately referred to as a "stray, homeless mutt." After hiding on a ship and arriving in Europe during World War I, Stubby joined the Allied troops. There, it didn't take long before he sprang into action amid a mustard gas attack. As human soldiers slept, Stubby sped through the barracks barking and waking everyone up so that they could don gas masks. This feat had such an impact that the Smithsonian Institution had Stubby embalmed and stuffed in one of their museums.

Aiello next spoke of heroic exploits that transpired in the next great war. "There was a dog named Chips that once saved an entire platoon. As Germans inside a bunker fired on Allied troops, Chips scurried into the enemy foxhole and bit a German machine gunner so viciously that the others gave up. Not only did Gen. Dwight Eisenhower visit Chips; Chips also received a medal for bravery."

Still focusing on World War II, in which 34 different

breeds of dogs were used, Aiello touched upon another incident. "Whenever communications broke down in the field, messenger dogs carried notes inside special collars to notify headquarters that the men needed more arms, backup etc. These dogs went through hell, especially blazing gunfire, to deliver the much-needed dispatches. Or, at entrenched base camps, they

had saddlebags strapped to their backs in order to deliver ammo and cigarettes to each soldier."

Of special interest is the method in which U.S. military leaders dealt with canines over the years. Aiello explained how, during World War I, the U.S. borrowed dogs from the French and Belgians. Then, as World War II unfolded, the American Kennel Association reached out to the public with a specific campaign: "Please loan a dog to the cause." In response, 30,000 Americans provided their four-legged pets to the War Department, 10,000 of which saw actual combat. At war's end in 1945, though, the military returned all surviving dogs to their owners because they were merely used on loan. This arrangement changed during the Korean War, wherein "loans" became "donations," thus allowing the military to own each dog rather than relinquishing them.

In Vietnam, Aiello's service allowed him to witness firsthand canines in service. He described the process of preparing these animals for an entirely new world. "It took

20 days to acclimatize my dog Stormy to the terrain and conditions of Vietnam, which usually had temperatures of 105 degrees. After this initial training, these dogs—most of them German shepherds—could walk five or six miles.”

Other perils befell handlers in Southeast Asia, as Aiello pointed out. “After all the bombings, waterways were so polluted in Vietnam that dogs couldn’t drink from wells or creeks because of parasites. As a result, we carried upwards of seven canteens filled with water—one for us and six for the dogs.”

Reminiscing about his days in Southeast Asia, Aiello told this writer about a U.S. Air Force sentry dog named Nero. “One night while patrolling a section of their base, Nero began barking into the darkness. Soon, our troops saw three Viet Cong [VC troops] carrying satchel charges. Without delay, Nero stormed across a field and attacked the VC. Meanwhile, his handler, a man named Thornburgh, got struck in the shoulder by an enemy bullet. At the same time, after killing one of the VC, Nero got shot in the eye. Still, he fled back to Thornburgh and sat on his chest to protect him until medics arrived.”

Relaying a final tale, Aiello laughed about a dog that was taught to jump up three steps onto a 10-foot platform. There, the hound sat up and saluted the troops with his right paw.

Sadly, dogs from Nam faced a heartbreaking verdict, as TBR learned during a Sept. 17 interview with Lynn Duane of the New Jersey Vietnam Vets Memorial Foundation. “Dogs from Vietnam weren’t allowed to be brought back home,” Duane explained. “The military was afraid they might carry diseases with them. The same applied to a friend of mine that served in Iraq. This handler became so attached to his pet that after returning to the States, he traced the dog’s lineage and then adopted a family member.”

Duane also mentioned how valuable dogs can be to humans. “Guide dogs today are capable of letting diabetics know when they need another shot of insulin simply by smelling that person’s body,” he noted.

Likewise in Afghanistan, Aiello spoke at length about how dogs can perform duties that far surpass the abilities of humans. “If explosives are hidden in a warehouse the size of a Walmart, it would take a team of men equipped with metal detectors at least an hour to find them. But dogs with their acute sense of smell can determine the contraband’s location within five minutes, all without disturbing a thing.”

In closing, Aiello recounted how the view of war dogs has changed over the past half-century. “During World War II, regrettably, the upper brass didn’t really appreciate what



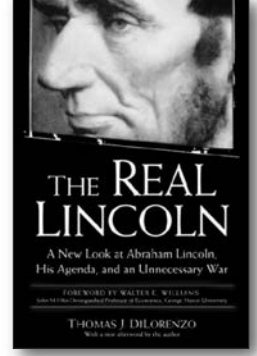
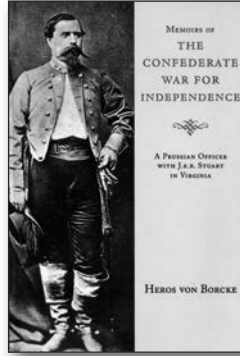
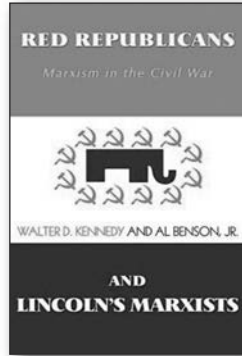
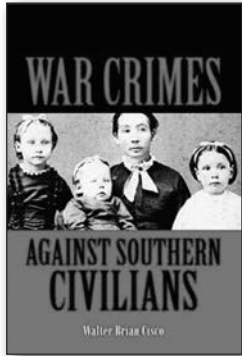
Old Abe the War Eagle

Dogs weren’t the only inspirational mascots employed during the War Between the States. Above is a photograph of Old Abe, the mascot of the Union’s 8th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry Regiment. Old Abe was in the thick of many battles and, according to Richard H. Zeitlin, in his book *Old Abe the War Eagle*, Confederate officers ordered their troops to either kill or capture the eagle, but they never succeeded, though Old Abe did lose a few tail feathers from a Confederate bullet in one engagement. Miraculously, Old Abe survived the war and was treated as an honorary “war relic” by Wisconsin authorities until his death in 1881. Today, the U.S. Army’s 101st Airborne Division is known as “the Screaming Eagles” in honor of Old Abe.

dogs could do. The troops did, but generals didn’t realize how beneficial these dogs were. But today, every person in the military from the top down acknowledges what an asset war dogs are.” ♦

Victor Thorn is a hard-hitting researcher, journalist and the author of many books on 9-11 and the New World Order. These include *9-11 Evil* and *Phantom Flight 93*. He was the co-founder of the WING TV Network. To order his books go to www.americanfreepress.net. Thorn is also a member of TBR’s board of contributing editors.

TBR Books on the Civil War



Red Republicans and Lincoln's Marxists: Marxism in the Civil War. Was Abraham Lincoln influenced by communism when the Union condemned the rights of Southern states to express their independence? It's shocking to think so. But that's precisely what Walter D. Kennedy and Al Benson Jr. assert in this book. The pair completely reassess this tumultuous time in American history, exposing the "politically correct" view of the War for Southern Independence as nothing less than the same observation announced by Marx himself. During the American Civil War, Marx wrote about his support of the Union Army, the Republican Party and President Lincoln himself. In fact, he named the president as "the single-minded son of the working class." In addition to shedding light on this little-known part of our history, Kennedy and Benson also ask pertinent questions about the validity of today's federal government and why its role seems so much larger than ever before. If you had a positive view of Lincoln as the great savior of the nation, after you read this book you'll see that "Honest Abe" was more Marxist than Marx. Softcover, 269 pages, #569, \$25.

Memoirs of the Confederate War for Independence: A Prussian in J.E.B. Stuart's Cavalry. By Heros von Borcke. This is a highly detailed personal memoir of Heros von Borcke's adventures with dashing cavalry leader Gen. J.E.B. Stuart. A giant of a man, von Borcke carried a huge broadsword that sent fear into the opponent. He was in the thick of every scrum and was entrusted with secret assignments by Stuart. An incredible story told by a man with an uncanny eye for detail—botanical, geographic, artistic, historical. A story you'll never read in any mainstream history book, von Borcke's eloquent style makes this a real gem. Softcover, 399 pages, #516, \$23.

Blood Money: The Civil War & the Federal Reserve. By John Graham. Here's the real cause of the Civil War—and it has very little to do with slavery. A scholarly examination of an oft-neglected aspect of America's fratricidal civil war—how the great international banking houses of the world augmented the antagonisms between North and South to ensure a peace agreement could never be reached and a long, profitable war would drag on. A very popular book amongst TBR readers, it's now back in stock by popular demand. Softcover, 96 pages, #507, \$15.

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The Real Lincoln: A New Look at Abraham Lincoln, His Agenda and an Unnecessary War. By Thomas J. DiLorenzo. The author makes hamburger out of sacred cow. DiLorenzo shows Lincoln as he truly was, a mentally unstable despot bent on dragging the nation into years of bloody, unnecessary fratricide. A side of Lincoln few ever knew existed is exposed for all to see. The book argues convincingly that Honest Abe—worse than FDR—was a calculating politician who subverted the Constitution, disregarded states' rights and achieved the closest thing to a totalitarian dictatorship yet seen on U.S. soil. Softcover, 361 pages, #427, \$16.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE?

John Tiffany pointed out, in passing, in your article about who really wrote *Don Quixote*, that the Shakespeare works, also, were written by Francis Bacon (TBR, July/Aug. 2013). Can anyone doubt this?

In 1591 the Italian John (or Giovanni) Florio published a book entitled *Second Frutes*, which contains a very fine sonnet, signed "Phaethon." Sir Sidney Lee and professors Baynes and Minto all pronounce this sonnet to be the work of "Shakespeare." In 1598 Florio published another book, entitled *A Worlde of Words*, and in it refers to the sonnet of 1591 as having been written "by a gentleman, a friend of mine, who loved better to be a poet than to be counted so." Will Shaksper (the actor, not to be confused with the writer using the pen name "William Shakespeare") could not possibly be the friend Florio refers to, because Florio says his amigo was high born, a personal friend of his, and a concealed poet; and Will Shaksper was neither a gentleman, a personal friend of Florio's nor a concealed poet. Is it a coincidence that Francis Bacon answers to this description in every particular, for he was a gentleman born, a personal friend of Florio's and he was also a concealed poet, as witness the letter Bacon wrote to John Davies in 1603 in which he concludes, "so desiring you to be good to concealed poets"?

And yet I have friends who believe Shakespeare was written by Christopher Marlowe or the earl of Oxford!

DONALD D. WATSON
North Dakota

WALT DISNEY A SAINT, OR NOT?

Some people think Walt Disney (re TBR's article in the March/April 2011 issue) was not nice at all, but more like a devil. For details, just see the website <http://the-conspiracyzone.podcastpeople.com/posts/32979>. I've heard many allegations about his supposed evil-doing. Is it possible Disney was a secret satanist? These people seem to make a plausible case.

ALBERTO M. GRANT
Michigan

"DISNEY" AUTHOR RESPONDS . . .

My research included many people who knew Walt Disney personally and my own experiences with people in his company, good and bad, before and after the takeover. The ones whom I respect all vouch that Walt was a great man, always fighting for decency and positive inspirations. He was a creative genius who fought throughout his career against evil forces that were always undermining America's best interests and Walt's own company and vision.

It's easy for someone to exaggerate and make issue of non-issues, especially when

the target is dead and his old enemies run his company. Since Walt's death in late 1966, the company takeover was a main objective of the usual forces in Hollywood. They finally succeeded and the Walt Disney company has since prospered greatly (and much more easily), but not in ways Walt would condone.

By the nature of his industry and the many people who worked in it, good and bad people surrounded Walt, but he tried to help those who had talent and were responsible. His many associations, no doubt, included some unsavory types, but to try to label Walt with their misdeeds is highly unfair and misrepresentative. I remain a steadfast believer in Walt.

MERLIN MILLER
Tennessee

WRONG RIVER; WRONG STATE

In the July/August issue the story about Lincoln by Philip Rife states that Booth escaped across the Potomac into Virginia, when it was actually across the Anacostia into Maryland. (Much later in the escape he went from Maryland across the Potomac to Virginia.)

EMORY MORGAN
Via Email

FOUNTAIN OF FAIRYTALES . . .

I have just finished John Tiffany's new book *Fountain of Fairytales: A Scholarly Romp Through the Old Testament*. I am appalled. I consider myself a good "Judeo-Christian"—after all, Jesus was a Jew—and this book was a blatant attempt—not even well-disguised—to prove Israel has no claim on the Holy Land. This is ludicrous. If not Israel, then who—the Arabs?

MICHAEL N. FARBER
Florida

[See the enclosed catalog for more about this "offending" book.—Ed.]

SEND US YOUR COMMENTS

Send your comments to TBR Editor, P.O. Box 15877, Washington, D.C. 20003 or email TBR:editor@barnesreview.org. We reserve the right to edit for length and do prefer letters of 300 words or less. Send us your story ideas, too.

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A Demand of Blood . . .

New Tome on Cherokee War of 1776 Packed With Little-Known U.S. History

By John Tiffany

A war many history buffs are unaware of is the Cherokee War of 1776, also known as Cherokee War II. In *A Demand of Blood*, author Nadia Dean undertakes to remedy that with a high-quality tome that studies the war in detail, focusing on Dragging Canoe (Tsiyu Gansini), the most notable war leader on the Indian side.

The war, a short one, officially ran from 1776, with the American Declaration of Independence, concluding with a treaty dated July 20, 1777, sometimes called the (First) Treaty of the Long Island of the Holston or Avery's Treaty (referring to Waightstill Avery). The island, also known simply as Long Island, was a sacred council and treaty site among the Cherokees.

You could say Cherokee War II started (a prelude) with the illegal "Sycamore Shoals Treaty" of March 17, 1775, or "Treaty of Watauga." This was illegal because it was between the Overhill Cherokees and a private group of Americans, settling on the west side of the Appalachian Mountains, in defiance of British law. Furthermore, the land sold was also claimed by other tribes, such as the Shawnees, and by Virginia and North Carolina.

Daniel Boone (1734-1820) was among the Americans

present, although the leader of the group was the less well-known Richard Henderson (1734-85), a North Carolina judge/pioneer/merchant, who aimed for independence and saw himself as the prospective fuehrer of the ceded land, to be known as Transylvania—a vast expanse of central Kentucky and a bit of northern Tennessee. This near-giveaway cut off the Overhill Cherokees from the Ohio Valley and the rich hunting grounds of Kentucky.

"The Cherokee, convinced the rebellious Americans planned to wipe them out, mostly sided with the British during the Revolutionary War."

Whites had been encroaching on Indian lands for some time, and for Dragging Canoe, 37, son of Chief Atacullaculla, this was the last straw. After giving the gathered notables a remarkable speech denouncing and accurately prophesying the illegal treaty as one more step that could culminate in the extirpation of his people, he broke with the Cherokee tribe and set up his own nation, the Chickamaugas, or, in their view, the real Cherokees. (They are often called the Chickamauga Cherokees.) Rather than sign the "treaty," they preferred to go on the warpath.



Shown, *The Abduction of Boone's Daughter by the Indians*, painted in 1855-56 by Karl Weimar, a German-American artist. Jemima Boone was captured near Boonesborough, Kentucky by a Cherokee-Shawnee raiding party along with two other girls, but luckily Daniel and several of the men in his party were able to liberate the girls in a daring rescue operation.

Jemima Boone, daughter of Daniel, and two other pioneer teenage girls, Betsey and Fanny Callaway, were kidnapped by Indians in July 1776 in what is now Kentucky. They were rescued by Daniel Boone and his party. Fortunately, the girls were not scalped or killed, but two warriors injured in the rescue operation later died of their wounds. The rescue was eventually fictionalized in *The Last of the Mohicans*.

Since 1758 the Cherokees had been resisting pioneer settlement in their lands. Dragging Canoe's raids were effective in driving the palefaces from Cherokee territory; by spring 1776, fewer than 200 Americans remained in Kentucky.

After 1776 the Cherokees fought the American "rebels" not so much because they liked the Britishers, their new allies, as on their own behalf—but from the British (royalist) point of view, that was just as good. The crown had no problem with using redskinned savages to slaughter, torture and mutilate their fellow whites and fellow Anglo-Saxons. The Brits undertook to arm the Indians and send them against the Americans.

Loyalists, finding life uncomfortable among the patriots, fled into Cherokee territory and found refuge—



Two of the major players in the South during the Cherokee wars were William Henry Drayton, left, a supporter of the American revolutionaries and later a delegate for South Carolina to the Continental Congress in 1778 and 1779, and Cherokee Chief Oconostota, right. After the patriots drove John Stuart—a British loyalist and the crown's Indian commissioner—from Charleston, Oconostota threw his lot in with the British. The Americans, he believed, wanted to wipe out "the Redskins."

some adopting Indian ways, Indian garb and war paint to fight the patriots. Miss Dean says these were called “Scophilites,” although most would call them renegades.

The patriots sent men “to go amongst the Indians” and keep an eye out for British agents attempting to incite the savages.

Dean brings out the feuding between the white factions such as South Carolina’s William Henry Drayton, patriot, and John Stuart, loyalist and Indian commissioner for the royal government, as power shifted from the crown to the secessionists. Stuart was forced by the Liberty Boys to flee his palatial home in Charleston. He fled from one place to another, narrowly escaping on the British armed vessel *St. John* and winding up in Florida.

When Cherokee leader Oconostota heard of this, he said it was evident the Americans intended to wage war with his people. Many Cherokee bands had at least initially been inclined to take a stance of neutrality in the Anglo-American war.

It has to be admitted the “rebels” did on occasion act like savages themselves—lynching their political opponents (the loyalists), tarring and feathering and even scalping. Dean manages to be evenhanded, noting the atrocities on both sides.

A Demand of Blood is almost a blow-by-blow account of this unknown war—yet it may leave you wanting to know more on certain points. Perhaps that is just the nature of a history book—some loose ends always must be left untied. I, for one, want to know more about:

- Drayton’s Bill of American Rights, and how he and

other wealthy planters, like Henry Laurens, became opponents of the Crown.

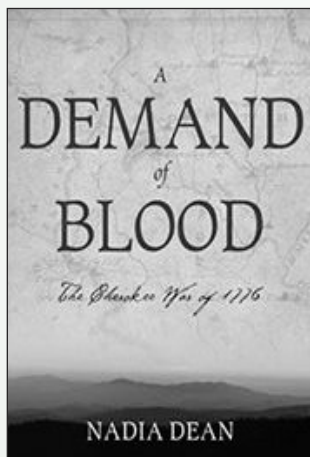
- How Nancy Ward got her un-Cherokee sounding name, and how she became a “Beloved Woman”—a title earned by “her earlier extraordinary acts of daring.” (Dean points out that she used her status to make the warriors spare the life of settler wife Lydia Bean.)

The interestingly named Battle of the Black Hole is alluded to, but never covered in detail. Rather it is mentioned in scattered places, in passing. Also known as the Battle of Coweecho River, it was fought Sept. 19, 1776, north of today’s town of Franklin, North Carolina. Dean names six individuals, probably patriots, who were killed there, but in fact, the patriots lost 12 white men and one Catawba was killed. The Cherokees had four killed, eight wounded in the battle, while 13 loyalists disguised as Indians were captured.

But let’s not nitpick. *A Demand of Blood* is a very interesting read, and we look forward to its sequel, which Dean is working on and which will deal with Canoe’s continuing efforts to preserve the Cherokee way of life in what history calls the Chickamauga Wars, a continuation, by his faction, of the Cherokee War of 1776. The Chickamauga Wars lasted until 1794, although Canoe died in 1792.

A Demand of Blood, by Nadia Dean—hardback, 256 pages, \$25 plus \$4 S&H inside the U.S.—is available from AMERICAN FREE PRESS BOOKSTORE, 645 Pennsylvania Avenue SE, #100, Washington, D.C. 20003. Call AFP toll free at 1-888-699-6397 to charge. ♦

A DEMAND OF BLOOD: THE CHEROKEE WAR OF 1776



Decades of tensions between the Cherokee Indians and frontier settlers exploded in the year that marked American independence: 1776. As southern colonists prepared to fight Britain, Cherokee warriors stepped up their struggle for sovereignty. Dragging Canoe, the charismatic Cherokee war leader and staunch British ally, waged guerrilla warfare throughout the southern colonies in an effort to regain control over native hunting grounds. In retaliation, colonial powers sent 6,000 militiamen into Cherokee country to destroy towns and crops. This is the saga of two separate, simultaneous wars. It depicts the courage, betrayal, honor and sacrifice of each side of the conflict. Based on extensive historical research, *A Demand of Blood* uncovers for the first time the story of the Cherokees’ war for independence and reveals the struggle at the heart of all humanity: the quest for freedom. Hardback, 256 pages, \$25 plus \$4 S&H in the U.S. from AMERICAN FREE PRESS, 645 Pennsylvania Avenue SE, #100, Washington, D.C. 20003.



NADIA DEAN



There are literally hundreds—if not thousands—of unexplored caves and crevices in the Grand Canyon. Could one of them hold evidence that proves that white cultures made it to America's shores thousands of years before Columbus set sail for North America? According to some, the Smithsonian may hold the key to this Grand Canyon mystery.

MYSTERIES OF ANCIENT AMERICA

The Grand Canyon's Lost City: Smithsonian Cover-Up or Fraud?

IS ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT NATURAL WONDERS home to a suppressed archeological discovery that could rewrite history? That is the provocative question raised by the intriguing story of the "lost ruins of the Grand Canyon." Is it true, or just an elaborate hoax?

By Philip Rife

Around 1541, a scouting party sent out by Spanish explorer Francisco Coronado was told by members of the Hopi tribe: "Several days down the [Colorado] River, there are people with very large bodies." More recently, when asked about rock carvings found high on the face of a cliff in Arizona's Havasupai Canyon, local Indians said the work was done by "the giants of long ago."

Readers of the *Phoenix Gazette* were greeted with a remarkable front-page story in the newspaper's April 5, 1909 issue, which began:

The latest news of the progress of the explorations of what is now regarded by scientists as not only the oldest archeological discovery in the United States, but one

of the most valuable in the world, which was mentioned some time ago in the *Gazette*, was brought to the city yesterday by G.E. Kinkaid, the explorer who found the great underground citadel of the Grand Canyon during a trip from Green River, Wyoming down the Colorado (River) in a wooden boat to Yuma several months ago.

According to the story related to the *Gazette* by Mr. Kinkaid, the archeologists of the Smithsonian Institute [sic], which is financing the expeditions, have made discoveries which almost conclusively prove that the race which inhabited this mysterious cavern, hewn in solid rock by human hands, was of oriental origin, possibly from Egypt. If their theories are borne out by the translation of the tablets engraved with hieroglyphics, the mystery of the prehistoric peoples of North America, their ancient arts, who they were and whence they came, will be solved. Under the direction of Prof. S.A. Jordan [sic], the Smithsonian is now prosecuting the most thorough explorations, which will be continued until the last link in the chain is forged.

The lengthy article went on to describe what the expedition found in an extensive series of tunnels and chambers deep inside a canyon wall. This included: “vases or urns and cups of copper and gold, made very artistic in design”; a “room, about 40 by 700 feet, probably the main dining hall”; tiers of mummies “covered with clay and wrapped in a bark fabric” set in carved wall recesses; “mysterious hieroglyphics on all the urns, walls over doorways and tablets of stone”; “granaries such as are found in oriental temples”; and a large idol “sitting cross-legged with a lotus flower or lily in each hand” and an “oriental” face that “almost resembles Buddha.”

The article also quoted Kinkaid on how he brought his discovery to the attention of the Smithsonian: “I went back several hundred feet along the main passage till I came to the crypt in which I discovered the mummies. One of these I stood up and photographed by flashlight. I gathered a number of relics, which I carried down the Colorado to Yuma, from whence I shipped them to Washington with details of the discovery. Following this, the explorations were undertaken.”

The mention in the opening paragraph of the article on the initial discovery referred to a brief item in the paper’s March 12, 1909 issue, which said that G.E. Kinkaid of Lewiston, Idaho recently traveled the full length of the Colorado River by small boat “carrying a fine camera, with which he secured over 700 views of the river and canyons.” That first article concluded with this matter-of-fact but portentous statement: “Some interesting archeological discoveries were unearthed.”

After visiting the site, Prof. Jordon reportedly held a press conference in Yuma and announced that a larger expedition involving somewhere between 30 and 40 archeologists, geologists, surveyors and photographers would soon be dispatched to the Grand Canyon. It was at this point that the Smithsonian’s project was mysteriously shrouded in a blanket of silence.

There were no follow-up articles or additional press conferences, and skeptics have branded the whole story as nothing more than an elaborate newspaper hoax. All inquiries about it receive a stock response from the Smithsonian. The one sent to this writer stated: “Prof. S.A. Jordan was not affiliated with the Smithsonian Institution. The National Anthropological Archives has no

information about an expedition to the Grand Canyon in 1909.”

One researcher who persisted by phone was told this by a Smithsonian staff archeologist: “I can tell you that no Egyptian artifacts of any kind have ever been found in North or South America. Therefore, since no Egyptian artifacts have ever been found in North America, I can tell you that the Smithsonian Institution has never been involved in any such excavations.”

This dismissive statement is another example of the Smithsonian’s now-familiar tactic of obfuscation and misdirection. Besides being factually questionable by saying Egyptian artifacts and inscriptions haven’t been

found *in situ* in the United States, it’s something of a red herring in that the items found in the Grand Canyon sound more Asian than Egyptian, and a number of civilizations used hieroglyphs and mummification.

[Nobody stated that the evidence was from the Egyptian culture.—Ed.]

The Phoenix newspaper identified lost city discoverer G.E. Kinkaid as someone who was “30 years in the

service of the Smithsonian Institute [sic].” But the Smithsonian says they never heard of him. Then there’s the matter of Prof. S.A. “Jordan,” named as the leader of the Smithsonian’s Grand Canyon expedition in the 1909 newspaper story and about whom the Smithsonian also professes to have no knowledge. Recent research has revealed that in a 1910 publication of the Smithsonian, a Prof. S.A. Jordon (spelled with a second “o” instead of an “a”) was listed as the individual then in charge of the organization’s archeological field units. This suggests the Smithsonian’s claim about “Jordan,” while technically true, is disingenuous and deliberately deceptive by taking advantage of the newspaper’s (and later inquirers’) inadvertent misspelling of the professor’s name to hide the existence of their actual employee named Jordon.

According to an archeologist for the state of Arizona, the area of the Grand Canyon where the manmade tunnels and caverns are said to be located is off limits to the public “because of dangerous caves.” Two hikers who ignored the restriction claimed they came upon a total of 32 “doorways” carved into a cliff face. Any further exploration was impossible because the entrances all appeared to have been intentionally sealed with rock. But because the caves or tunnels were sealed several feet in

“One former employee says the Smithsonian’s disposition of controversial artifacts goes well beyond neglect.”

from the entrance, the hikers did notice that the ceiling appeared manmade with a six-foot circular pattern hewn into the original rock.

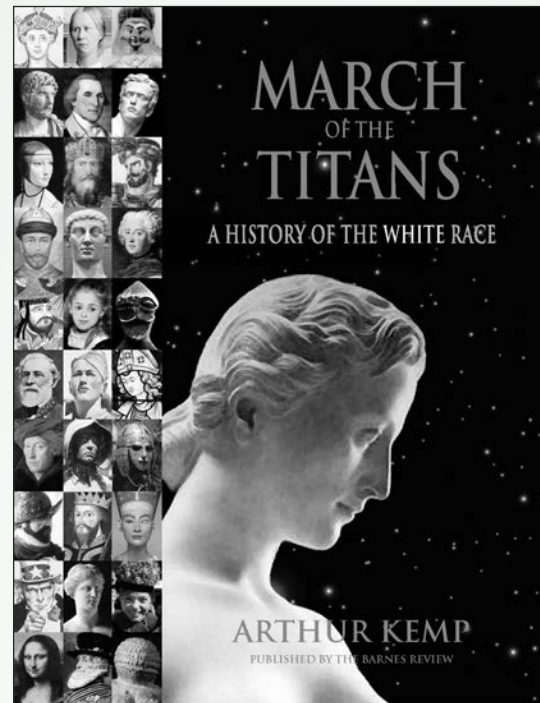
The curious case of the Smithsonian and the lost city of the Grand Canyon has one last twist with implications that put the question of what the Smithsonian people knew and when they knew it in a whole new light. The *Phoenix Gazette* article also included G.E. Kinkaid's account of how he first discovered the entrance to the underground citadel: "Above a shelf which hid it from view from the river was the mouth of a cave. There are steps leading from this entrance some 30 yards to what was, at the time the cavern was inhabited, the level of the river. When I saw the chisel marks on the wall inside the entrance, I became interested and went in."

His description is strikingly similar to that of an earlier explorer. John Wesley Powell led an expedition down the Colorado River and through the Grand Canyon in 1871-72. In a book he later wrote about his adventure, Powell recorded the following events, which occurred while the party was encamped in the Grand Canyon: "I discovered a trail deeply worn into the rock. In some places steps have been cut. I returned to camp and found that some of the men had discovered ruins and many fragments of pottery, also etchings and hieroglyphics on the rocks." Powell became director of the Smithsonian's influential Bureau of Ethnology in 1879. One of the bureau's principal tasks was conducting archeological field-work.

The following excerpt from a contemporary newspaper account describes the opening of a large manmade mound "by a committee of scientists from the Smithsonian" near Gainesville, Georgia in 1930:

A layer of large flagstones was found, which had evidently been dressed by hand and showed that the men who quarried this rock understood their business. These stones were removed. In a kind of vault beneath them, the skeleton of a man seven feet two inches [tall] was found, the brow being ornamented with a copper crown. The skeleton was remarkably well preserved and taken from the vault intact. Near this skeleton were found the bodies of several children of various sizes. The bodies had been prepared somewhat after the manner of mummies. Upon the stones that covered the vault were carved inscriptions. All the relics were carefully packed and forwarded to the Smithsonian.

North American Indians rarely exceeded 5.5 feet in height, and did not quarry and dress stone, carve written



MARCH OF THE TITANS: A HISTORY OF THE WHITE RACE

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inscriptions, fashion metal crowns or mummify their dead. Do not bother looking to see if the mummies or inscribed stones are on display at the Smithsonian.

More recently, a former employee of the New Mexico State Parks department said she was among a group sent to recover some remarkable human remains recently exposed by waters from a flash flood near Taos. What they found was a large number of skeletons of people who had apparently been approximately 7 feet tall in life. The Smithsonian was in charge of the operation, and the witness, who had participated in archeological digs around the world, said she had never seen security measures like these before. Workers were searched for cameras upon arriving at the site each day, and searched for artifacts when they left. They were also required to sign secrecy oaths promising never to reveal details of their work at the site. At the conclusion of the project, the woman said the crated skeletons were transported from the site by representatives of the Smithsonian. She never heard anything more about them.

In fact, the Smithsonian has never shared with the public any of the unusually large skeletons, mummies and

unconventional artifacts that newspaper reports and other sources say the museum has been acquiring for more than 100 years. Regrettably, this well-practiced policy of subterfuge and stonewalling when asked about these items continues to the present day. The official Smithsonian Institution website has a search engine to access their collections by subject. When you type in "giant human skeletons," you get the following message: "Your search did not return any results. It's possible we don't have what you are looking for."

If what one former employee said is true, the Smithsonian's disposition of controversial artifacts goes well beyond benign neglect. The man claimed his ex-employer once surreptitiously hauled a barge-load of unorthodox items out to sea and dumped them into the Atlantic. ♦

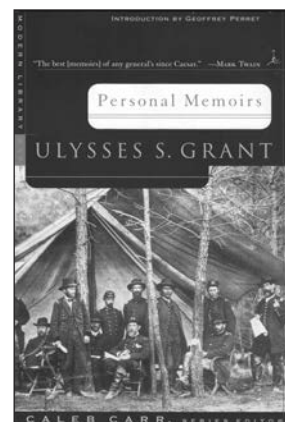
PHILIP RIFE is the author of *The Pariah Files: 25 Dark Secrets You're Not Supposed to Know*, *Premature Burials: Famous and Infamous People Who Cheated Death and Hoodwinked History*, *The Goliath Conspiracy* and many more.

The Personal Memoirs of Ulysses S. Grant: *Are they the best presidential memoirs ever written?*

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his heroics in battle to the grinding poverty from which the Civil War ironically rescued him, these memoirs are a deeply moving account of a brilliant yet troubled man, told with great courage as he reflects on the fortunes that shaped his life and his character. Written under excruciating circumstances (Grant was dying of throat cancer while writing these memoirs), encouraged and edited from its very inception by Mark Twain (his publisher), *Grant's Memoirs* are a triumph of autobiography. In his memoirs Grant honestly discusses his childhood, his time at West Point and his experiences in the Mexican War. He analyzes the decisions he made at Vicksburg, Shiloh, Petersburg, the Wilderness, Cold Harbor and Appomattox. It is Grant's observations on the conduct of the Civil War which make up the bulk of the work and which have made this required reading for all history lovers. Softcover edition, 736 pages, #595, \$16 plus \$5 S&H inside the U.S. Outside the U.S. email sales@barnesreview.org for S&H to your nation. Send payment using the form on page 72 or call 1-877-773-9077 toll free to charge. Remember: TBR subscribers may take 10% off the list price of any items offered by TBR BOOK CLUB.



NORTH AMERICA'S ENIGMATIC MARINE MEN

- Just who were these ancient pioneers to America's shores?
- What evidence exists to prove they were here, when and why?

WHAT WAS THE IDENTITY of the legendary “Marine Men,” the unknown race of whites who mined the Michigan copper thousands of years ago and evidently took most of it to Eurasia? Where did these little-known and amazingly skilled miners come from? The author makes a good case for a startling answer to this mystery. This is the second of two parts. Part 1 appeared in the September/October 2013 issue of *THE BARNES REVIEW*.

By Marc Roland

About 45 miles long from northeast to southwest, and nine miles at its widest point, Isle Royale in Lake Superior was the ancient Michigan miners' chief focus of activity, circa 2450 to 1200 B.C. [1200 B.C. saw the catastrophic collapse of the Bronze Age.—Ed.]

In 1922, Pennsylvania newspaper editor William P.F. Ferguson unearthed the remains of prehistoric settlements near a river on Isle Royale, adjacent to an equally ancient boat landing. As he described his discovery: “It is interesting to note that the left bank of the Sibley, just below the fall, where the land is only slightly above the water, appears to have been protected by an embankment or levee, three or four feet in height, and running for something more than a half-mile. I am convinced of the artificial character of the em-

bankment.”¹

The great size of the landing suggests a harbor or docking facility, and it may have been the chief disembarkation point on the island for freighters, a conclusion underscored by the close proximity of the settlement. A half-mile-long levee, obviously intended to accommodate large sailing vessels, would not be required to land the birch bark canoes used by Indians of the Upper Great Lakes. Nor would these same canoes be able to transport thousands of tons of copper or copper ore across 20 or more miles of potentially storm-tossed Lake Superior from Isle Royale. An estimated 1.5 billion pounds of copper were mined by these unknown ancient people.

Indeed, the waters surrounding the isle are still regarded as treacherous for modern ships, much more so for open, unpowered vessels. Indian boats were superbly fitted for rivers, streams and coastal lake areas, but not for open water. Their birch bark canoes and wooden dugouts could not have transported the ancient miners' weighty stone hammers, let alone vast tonnages of copper. Clearly, only a seafaring people with a tradition of advanced shipbuilding and navigation skills to match could have regularly negotiated the run from Isle Royale with heavy stone and metal cargoes.

Stated Ohio geologist and mining engineer Charles Whitteley:

Outside the landing area, the Sibley site may have represented a shelter of some kind for the miners. No artifacts of any kind were found at the Sibley Stream dig.

There is nothing to show that the country was permanently inhabited by the ancient miners, and it must have been almost, if not quite impracticable to work [the mines] in winters of that latitude. No human graves have been found here that can be referred to the era of the copper workings. Neither is there any evidence that there were furnaces or places where copper was refined or melted, or where it was crushed in the rock and afterward separated by washing, as we do now. It seems most probable that the people did not reside in the country, but came in the summer from a milder climate, bringing their provisions with them and taking away, on their return in the fall, the metal they had raised.²

Whittlesey was no armchair scientist but had been engaged by the U.S. government to make its first mineralogical and geological survey of the Lake Superior and Upper Mississippi Valley regions.

Another eminent scholar, William Henry Holmes, director of the Smithsonian American Art Museum, concluded: "It is unlikely, . . . that any considerable amount of the shaping work was conducted on the island. It seems to me more likely that the pieces of metal obtained were carried away to distant centers of population to be worked by skilled artisans."³

An average of 1,000 to 1,200 tons of ore were removed per pit, yielding about 50 tons of copper each. Given the known number of prehistoric pits, the ancient miners removed at least an estimated 6 million tons of ore, for a quarter-million tons of copper. Yet even this prodigious figure is unrealistically low, because it is only the sum total of all the ancient Upper Peninsula pit mines that have been identified. Over the last 5,000 years, since copper mining began in North America's Midwest, Lake Superior has risen 46 feet, thereby inundating as many pits as have already been found—perhaps more. Still other mines were obliterated by modern development along the shores of Wisconsin and Michigan.

Fred C. Rydholm, a lifelong investigator of the ancient mines and their leading expert, believed a far more accurate estimate of their total output must have been upward of a full million tons of copper.⁴

His calculations additionally took into account the relatively few pits actually discovered, those destroyed before they could be cataloged, and, most importantly, rising lake levels, which covered probably more prehistoric sites than have already been documented, because they were closer

50 centuries ago to the water, making them more accessible to loading aboard freighters.

"Where this copper went is still a mystery," said DuTemple.⁵ Fifty years later, Dr. James P. Scherz, professor emeritus at Madison's University of Wisconsin, asked: "One of the basic questions that hasn't been answered yet is, where did the copper from Lake Superior go? All the copper found in the mounds, although of a large amount, is but a small percentage of that mined. The Europeans have a complementary problem: Where did all their copper come from? The Europeans were in a copper trading frenzy from 3000 to 1200 B.C., like we are now about oil, because copper drove their economy."⁶

"Bronze was invaluable because it is three to four times stronger than copper tools and weapons."

Bronze (an alloy of copper with tin, arsenic, antimony, phosphorus and other compounds) was invaluable to residents of the ancient Old World, because it is three to four times stronger than the copper tools and weapons used before its introduction. Prof. Scherz has put his finger on the central point of Upper Michigan's pre-Columbian mining enigma. It took place, as he mentions, from around the

turn of the 4th millennium B.C. to the beginning of the 12th century B.C., a timeframe that matches the European and Near Eastern Bronze Age. In other words, periods for pre-Columbian America's copper mining and the Old World Bronze Age perfectly coincide. The Upper Peninsula's first large-scale mines opened circa 3100 B.C., just as the first dynasties were founded in Sumer and Egypt, both major producers of bronze.

A surge in Michigan mining paralleled the Old World's Early Middle Bronze Age, 2400 B.C. to 2200 B.C., and reached its peak output after 1500 B.C. with the Middle Bronze Age. All the Great Lakes mines were suddenly abandoned 300 years later, at the same moment the Bronze Age was abruptly terminated in 1200 B.C.

This chronology combines with related information presented above to affirm that the ancient Old World Bronze Age was fueled by North American copper. Bronze manufacture utterly transformed the entire ancient Old World, making possible the rise of civilizations from the Fertile Crescent to the Nile and Indus valleys, because it was wholly superior to previous copper and stone tools or weapons.

The invention of bronze sparked a mineralogical revolution to become the equivalent of our nuclear fission. The higher the grade of copper, the better the bronze product

is likely to be.

True, Egypt had copper mines—which were eventually depleted—and there were more still on the eastern Mediterranean island of Cyprus. [The island may have gotten its name from an Eteocypriot word for copper, which might have its roots in the Sumerian word for copper (*zubar*) or for bronze (*kubar*). “Cyprus” is the source of our word “copper,” via Old English *coper*, and the Latin word *cuprium*, whence the chemical symbol Cu.—Ed.]

But these and a few other sources were totally outstripped by demands for copper for every kingdom from the British Isles to Anatolia and Ceylon. Moreover, the quality of Old World copper was not uniformly good, in contrast to the fine and sturdy tools and edged weapons from that time.

Author and investigator, Jay Stuart Wakefield, explains, “Michigan copper did not need to be smelted, unlike all the copper oxide and copper sulfate ores of Cyprus and elsewhere in the ancient Old World.”⁷ The world’s highest-grade copper is found in seemingly endless abundance around the shores of Lake Superior. Mining there would not only satisfy the escalating demands of European and Near Eastern metallurgists, but meet their requirements for the best quality copper. Upper Peninsula copper is unique for its traces of gold and silver flecks, so finding a specimen in a proper ancient Old World context would constitute physical proof that someone did, indeed, carry the metal back across the Atlantic Ocean. But when the rough boulders and nodules are melted into transportable ingots, these telltale flecks melt and disperse into the metal.

Chances of ever finding an unmelted piece of Michigan copper in a pharaonic tomb or Greek temple are rare to impossible, because the rough metal would have been melted for casting into small, easily handled forms, then be converted into a desired object, causing the flecks to be dispersed and absorbed in the molten metal. Naturally, any trace of the perishable materials that went into the construction of the wooden ships that sailed between the ancient Old World and Michigan’s Upper Peninsula has long since vanished. But the maritime technology that enabled their transatlantic voyages was documented in Homer’s *Odyssey*.⁸ He describes the *Lapis Heracles*, or “Stone of Hercules,” a gold cup filled with some kind of liquid on which floated an arrow-shaped magnet used by sailors to pass safe-

ly through night and fog over great distances, far beyond sight of land, without recourse to navigating by the stars.

The existence of this mariner’s compass went back at least as long ago as the Late Bronze Age, during the mid-13th century B.C., in the aftermath of the Trojan War (1240 to 1250 B.C.). Such a device would have been available to copper-freighting seafarers for their transatlantic voyages.

But in the absence of hard evidence, another kind appears when we learn that the ancient miners also sank pits in the Upper Great Lakes region for tin, an additional component in bronze production, but useless to local aboriginal peoples, who were oblivious to it.

POVERTY POINT

“Five canals bisected the city from its center to its outer ridge, which is three-quarters of a mile in diameter.”

If the ancient Old World was the ultimate destination of Michigan copper, the first stop in its long journey lay 1,350 miles almost due south of Isle Royale.

In the northeast section of Louisiana stand the remains of North America’s oldest and strangest metropolis. Laid out in six concentric rings of land defined by five ditches—former moats originally filled with water from

the nearby Arkansas River—the surveyed site sprawls over 910 acres. Five canals bisected the city from its center to its outer ridge, which is approximately three-quarters of a mile in diameter. Lacking sufficient quantities of local stone, construction engineers raised their urban center from more than half-a-million yards of soil moved with 20 million, 50-pound basket-loads of earth. The resulting mass was 35 times greater than the volume of Egypt’s Great Pyramid.

“The geometrical design of the town is clearly the result of central planning and direction,” concluded James A. Ford, an archeologist, who led the first large-scale excavations there in the early 1950s.⁹

Taking its modern name after a nearby plantation, Poverty Point was inhabited by at least 5,000 persons—revised estimates may expand that number by a factor of three—who resided in conical houses lining the tops of the ridge earthworks, once eight or 10 feet high, but worn down to their present one-foot elevation by two centuries of agricultural plowing. The city lay just south of a large, ceremonial mound 700 by 800 feet at its base, and rising 70 feet above the surrounding plain.

"It was an almost perfect cone," Ford observed. The summit was scooped out into a convex depression filled with dried cane for lighting brilliant fires.¹⁰ Poverty Point was the center of a far-flung commercial network conducted chiefly via water routes for the importation of quartz crystal from Hot Springs, Arkansas, 200 miles away, and, in Ford's words, "enormous weights" of steatite, or soapstone, for bowls and other objects, from Appalachia, more than 1,500 miles by river.

"The site archeologist who devoted his career to the study of Poverty Point, John L. Gibson, estimated that "over 71 tons of foreign flint occurs at the site. . . . Millions of items were left on the ground before the rings were built: They were left in the rings while under construction, and during breaks in construction: and they were left atop the rings after construction was finished." He further estimated 75 to 100 tons of exotic rock are still at the site, including hundreds of thousands of "perfectly good tools . . . expect the unusual, and it is likely to show up. . . . If I had to sum up Poverty Point's gear and appliances in a single word, it would be 'abundant.' If I could use two words, I would say 'abundant' and 'rich'."¹¹

More than five centuries before its introduction in North America, iron was worked by the Poverty Pointers for plumbets in fishing and surveying. Their city radically contradicts a core belief of mainstream archeologists, who are unable to understand how simple hunter-gatherers could have built such a huge urban center. All such monumental structures, these scholars maintain, could have only been raised by agricultural societies, in which crop surpluses allowed greater population density, leisure time and hierarchical divisions of centralized labor for large-scale public works projects.

Their bewilderment stems from nearsighted presumption that the builders of prehistoric Louisiana were primitive tribes of otherwise rootless hunters, a characterization discredited by the very enormity and surveyed complexity of the site itself, to say nothing of its urban irrigation, inter-state trade, iron working, "along with strange glyphs" (part of a written language?), and other, related details.

Instead, the original inhabitants of Poverty Point were foreigners to the land.¹² Their city was a temporal anomaly. It stood absolutely alone as the only one of its kind on

the entire continent, where, at the time of its appearance, it would have been analogous to the sudden appearance of New York's Empire State Building among the farmers' fields of 18th-century New York, built by a people in possession of a technology superior to the residents of the 13 colonies. Similarly, nothing can account for such an archeological apparition in Louisiana, save that it was founded by cultural aliens acquainted with the ways of civilization unknown to grubbing hunter-gatherers.

This natural conclusion arising from the archeological data is illustrated at Poverty Point by soapstones sketched with profile drawings of longships, their high prows occasionally configured into the shape of animal heads, and

with low, sloping sterns. These vessels are reminiscent of ships depicted on the walls of Upper Egypt's contemporaneous Medinet Habu, the mortuary temple of Ramses III, the 20th Dynasty pharaoh whose armies fought and defeated a "Sea People" armada invasion of the Nile Delta undertaken by fleets of Bronze Age warships.

Ancient Old World freighters sailing for North America's inland copper mines would have entered the St. Lawrence River—which was far more navigable 5,000 years ago than in recent times—at New England. That they actually did so is borne out by material evidence found in the early 1990s off the coast of Maine.

Writing for *Ancient American* magazine, W. Mead Stapler told how a scuba diver:

. . . was searching among the rocks of the outer harbor of Pemaquid, hoping to spear a succulent lobster for dinner, when he came across a tumbled stack of odd-shaped stones. There were about eight in all, and just below the surface at low tide. With great labor and the assistance of a friend with a tow-truck, he came back later to haul three specimens out of the water, up to the beach, and home to his wife's rock garden. Going back at a later time for one or two more of the oddly shaped stones, the remaining examples were lost under continually shifting harbor sands. . . .

The three stones are similar but not identical. They are all cut from the same granite or banded gneiss common to the Pemaquid area, but with varying degrees of detail, quality and craftsmanship. Thus, they are not the work of one individual, even though the design indicates a common purpose. The commonality of design is a triangular pie shape with two flat and parallel sides, and an

"More than 500 years before its introduction in North America, iron was worked by the Poverty Pointers."

arc at the base. A large, circular hole at about the center of gravity is cut through each . . . they are the blades of an ancient form of stone anchor. For this use, a rounded, wooden shank would have been fitted through the center hole, and locked in place by a cross pin. Pemaquid has a sheltered harbor that would have been an attractive landing place for any seaman, either ancient or modern. It is the site of an early colonial trading settlement and fort, circa 1623.¹³

Stapler's description perfectly matches stone anchors of the Late Bronze Age of the kind recovered from the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea, although the Maine specimens were not from Europe or the Near East, but made, as he mentions, of "the same granite or banded gneiss common to the Pemaquid area." In other words, the design was Old World, but the manufacture was North American. Pre-Classical freighters anchored off Maine prior to sailing into the St. Lawrence River under way to the Upper Great Lakes mining region. Filling their holds with copper, the vessels were carried by the Mississippi River current southward to Poverty Point, before embarking on a return, transatlantic voyage.

But Poverty Point was not the long-term result of gradual development by a settled populace over many generations, growing from simple beginnings through stages of deliberate invention, and culminating eventually in an urban center. "The few examples of chronological information that have been secured from excavation in various parts of the earthwork suggest that probably all of it was built and inhabited about the same time," Ford stated, indicating that the pre-Columbian founding fathers were already skilled in the arts of urban planning before they excavated its first moat.¹⁴

Archeologists have been able to recreate the site, but with difficulty. As Wakefield sadly observes, "Poverty Point has been half carried away by the river, plundered by arrowhead collectors for 100 years, farmed almost flat for a very long time, and recently has been dug up to install manholes and a drain system, visible in the ring system, at least on the south rings, so it does not strike me as 'eternal,' but more as suffering from a lack of recognition and poor protection."¹⁵

For all of its regrettable deterioration, the venerable location represents the other half of North America's ancient mining question. From the beginning of Ford's mid-20th-century excavations, copper traced to the Upper Great

Lakes has been repeatedly found at Poverty Point. Typical items included "copper beads [and] a copper bead maker's kit (copper nuggets hammered into thin sheets for winding around the copper wire)." In 1993, Jean Hunt, then president of the Louisiana Mounds Society, told of copper's far more significant impact, writing how "the Poverty Point archeologist or curator talked about traces of large 'spots' of copper on the surface, which he thought might have represented places where raw copper from the Michigan mines was placed while awaiting transshipment."¹⁶

Later, *Ancient American* writer Daniel Wood reported that "as many as 20 copper storage pits have been located at Poverty Point, measuring 15 to 20 feet in diameter."¹⁷

In 2009, Wakefield described "the first magnetic gradiometry study, done by archeologists Mike Hargrave and Burley Clay, in 2006. The state archeologist on site, Diana Greenlee, explained that the dark spots are metal 'hits,' indicating either substantial amounts of copper buried at

Poverty Point, or their lingering traces, when they long ago rested on the surface of the ground prior to their removal."¹⁸ Wakefield has done more field investigations of the location and gone further in his research than any other scientist in recent years.

"While it is likely that copper exchange and the manufacture of copper 'oxhide ingots' occurred at Poverty Point," he writes, "other sites have

come to my attention while studying the matter. . . . Oxhide ingots [were] shaped like a flat square, with the four corners extended like the legs of a hide taken from a real ox. These extensions made the ingots easier to carry." The "other sites" that interested him were "located on high ground—now called 'Cedarland' and 'Claiborne'—15 feet above the marshes at the mouth of the Pearl River of Mississippi," overlooking the Gulf of Mexico. Although 200 airline miles south of Poverty Point, excavation undertaken by archeologist James E. Bruseeth revealed that Cedarland, at least, was "participating in the Poverty Point trade network." Both sites disclosed "Great Lakes copper needles and sheet copper."

Wakefield was more interested in the hearths Bruseeth found. At Cedarland, they "varied in diameter from 50 to 65 centimeters"—"20 to 26 inches," Wakefield noticed, "the size of oxhide ingots." Claiborne yielded "a hearth as long as a football field, six feet deep and 300 feet long."

Both hearths evidenced the application of extremely high temperatures over prolonged periods of time for large-scale

"As many as 20 copper storage pits have been located at Poverty Point, measuring 15 to 20 feet in diameter."

(at least in Claiborne's case) work. Were these the furnaces in which copper mined from the Upper Great Lakes, then shipped down the Mississippi River, was melted into "oxide" ingots previous to transatlantic shipment to the ancient Old World? The matching standardized dimensions for Bronze Age ingots at Cedarland, plus either highland site's fortuitous position fronting the Gulf of Mexico, indicate as much.

"There is evidence," Wakefield concludes, "that Michigan's pure, crystallized copper was melted at Claiborne and Cedarland, as shown in the archeology reports, and reported in my *Rocks and Rows* article, then poured in multiple pours, into clay molds, as part of the world's first large-scale industrial product."¹⁹ Bruseth radiocarbon-dated them to circa 2200 B.C., which coincided with the first major surge in Upper Peninsula mining and the start of the Old World's Early Middle Bronze Age. The beginnings of Poverty Point itself are dated to the same time, although its real building phase occurred around 1600 B.C., just when Great Lakes mining went into high gear and the Bronze Age began in Europe and the Near East. The Louisiana metropolis experienced a population increase, as sudden as it was voluminous, about 1200 B.C., at the same moment Michigan's mines abruptly shut down and the Old World Bronze Age terminated in a flash.

These closely comparative chronologies cannot be logically dismissed as unrelated events. They trace the ancient progress of high-grade metal from its mining in the Upper Great Lakes region, shipment down the Mississippi River for collection at Poverty Point, farther southward along the Pearl River to Claiborne and Cedarland for processing into oxide ingots, then loaded aboard freighters on return voyages to Europe and the Middle East. There, bronze weapons, tools, medical instruments, styli, temple doors, lamps, cauldrons, statues and numerous other kinds of objects were made with North American copper.

How the ancient Old World learned of its existence is impossible to determine. We may only surmise that transatlantic explorers or castaways arrived somewhere along the coasts of what 5,000 years later became familiar as New England. They were greeted by native residents bedecked in gleaming bracelets and pectorals the newcomers recognized at once as copper. When asked about the source for the creation of such adornments, the local people guided them to

the Upper Peninsula and Isle Royale. Never before had the fair-complected visitors beheld such an abundance of high-grade ore. After they returned home, news of the rich deposits prompted an armada of freighters to invade Lake Superior, where prehistory's greatest mining enterprise enabled the Bronze Age.

WHO WERE THEY?

All very well, though we are still left wondering: Precisely who were the ancient copper miners?

A few mainstream archeologists with enough temerity to even broach this controversial question put it off by dumping the whole enigma on anonymous foreigners, or no less mysterious natives who belonged to some advanced, unknowable "X-culture." But a closer examination of the evidence provides the most likely answer, however objectionable it may be to conventional scholars. While the first Sumerian and Egyptian dynasties began around the commencement of Michigan mining, they left no trace behind anywhere throughout the Great Lakes region. Nevertheless, profuse evidence on behalf of both Sumerians and Egyptians in the pre-Columbian New World has come to light.²⁰ But these

same proofs are far removed from the Upper Midwest, indicating that visitors from Mesopotamia and the Nile Valley sought out other riches in the Americas.

The redoubtable seafarers of Minoan Crete have also been associated with Lake Superior copper.²¹ Their impact on our continent is likewise discernable, but, again, evidence for such influence in the mining district is absent.²² Mining across the Upper Great Lakes had been going on for 500 years before the onset of Aegean civilization. The fall of Minoan Crete to Mykenaeen Greek invasion and permanent occupation around 1420 B.C. had no effect on Michigan mining activities, which continued to accelerate over the next 180 years. Lacking, as well, are any parallels between Minoan city planning and Poverty Point, with its circular layout; ancient Crete's urban design was squarish.

The dead at Poverty Point were cremated, while Minoan burial practices took place in stone-built tombs known as tholoi. Among Crete's thousands of bronze artifacts, few, if any, have been positively identified as mining tools. The Minoans more conveniently obtained copper from nearby Cyprus, where they traded for it, than far-off America; lo-

"Mining across the Upper Great Lakes had been going on for 500 years before the onset of Aegean civilization."

cal Cypriots did all the mining. The Minoans were renowned throughout the Aegean less as miners than as dealers or merchants, happier at bartering raw materials than the difficulty of mining them. Trading in copper would have appealed to their nature far more than the heavy-duty labor of excavating it in the distant, cold, Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

That arduous task has been assigned by some prehistorians to other, possible candidates, such as Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Kelts, Romans or Vikings. But these peoples arose to prominence after 1200 B.C.—sometimes millennia later—by which time Great Lakes mining had already been closed down for centuries. Since none of these peoples can be credibly associated with the ancient miners, who could have been responsible for one of mankind's grandest undertakings?

If Poverty Point was, as it appears, the pre-Columbian entrepôt for Michigan copper, then its very existence comprises the first clue to learning their identity. As described above, Louisiana's ancient population center was arranged into concentric circles of land-rings alternating with water-filled ditches and bisected by canals. This urban plan is found nowhere else in America or the outside world, save in a dialog attributed to the Greek philosopher Plato.

His *Kritias* relates that the city of Atlantis was laid out in precisely the same, otherwise unique configuration. This singular physical resemblance to Poverty Point is only the first and most obvious comparison in a series of cogent parallels, not the least of which are the same number of concentric circles found at both sites.

According to Plato, Five and Six—the alternating land-rings and moats belonging equally to Atlantis and Poverty Point—were incorporated as sacred numerals, “thereby showing equal respect to both odd and even numbers.”²³ He stated that Atlantis lay south of a holy mountain duplicated by Poverty Point's position south of a 70-foot-high conical mound shaped to resemble a volcano, an impression underscored by a convex depression at the summit resembling a crater in which the residents burned cane fires. Atlantis was said to have been built with local lava rock, but the 40 million, 50-pound basket-loads of soil that went into making Poverty Point were necessitated by lack of sufficient stone in the area. Then, as now, construction engineers were forced to work with the material at hand.

A more serious discrepancy in comparing the two cities

is their apparently dissimilar chronology. Poverty Point's major building phase began circa 1600 B.C. Its population grew over the next four centuries, surged dramatically around 1200 B.C., but shortly thereafter their city collapsed and was abandoned. Plato told how Atlantis was destroyed by a natural catastrophe about 9500 B.C. This date, however, is at odds with his detailed portrayal of Atlantis as an identifiably Bronze Age civilization. Nothing remotely resembling such a place is known to have existed more than 11,000 years ago, an obvious point skeptics of the *Kritias* use to fault the entire dialog. But neither they nor any classical scholars know what kind of dating system Plato actually employed. Solar, lunar and astrological calendars were consulted by his fellow Greeks, who simultaneously reckoned the past by counting back previous Olympic games and the royal generations of kings.

All these contradictory methods were available to the great philosopher, and do not match our own understanding of time, save the solar calendar. It banishes Atlantis into realms of impossibility, to the close of the last glacial epoch, or so-called ice age, a period when most of the features attributed to that imperial capital—written languages, chariots, metallurgy, agriculture, irrigation, armies, navies etc—presumably did not exist. So, too, attempts at applying other calendric systems 4th-century B.C. Athenians

knew—with one exception—likewise make a mockery of the *Kritias*. When, however, its timeframe is placed within the context of lunar years, the story of Atlantis coincides perfectly with Poverty Point, mining in Michigan's Upper Peninsula and the Bronze Age.

Placing Plato's chronology within lunar years is not skewing the evidence to accommodate some pet theory, but rather applying the Egyptians' own dating system to it, because they recorded historical events according to the cycles of the moon.

One among numerous examples is their Dakhla stele, containing a lunar date that enabled Egyptologists to pinpoint King Shoshenq's accession to 943 B.C.²⁴

Atlantis survived the first of its geologic upheavals around the turn of the 4th millennium B.C., just as mining opened at the Great Lakes and bronze production begins in the Middle East; became an imperial power by 1600 B.C., when Poverty Point was built, Michigan copper output reached an all-time high and the Bronze Age entered its most pros-

“Louisiana's ancient population center was arranged into concentric circles of land-rings & water-filled ditches.”

perous Middle Phase; and was annihilated by a final natural catastrophe circa 1200 B.C. simultaneous with the sudden closure of all mines in the Upper Peninsula, a population surge (of survivors from the cataclysm) at Poverty Point, and abrupt termination of the Bronze Age.

Plato characterized the Atlanteans, above all, as miners, who became phenomenally wealthy through their monopoly on *orichalkos*, which they traded with other kingdoms desperate for this essential metal. *Orichalkos* is Greek for “bright-golden copper,” implying a supremely high grade, which, by his time in the 4th century B.C., “survives today only in name,” because the Michigan mines had been closed for the previous 800 years. “In those days, the most valuable metal except gold,” he says, *orichalkos* “was then mined in great quantities,” recalling the 250,000 known tons of Earth’s highest-grade copper mined from 3100 B.C. to 1200 B.C. at the Upper Great Lakes. He even mentions an “opposite continent,” on the other side of the ocean, a clear reference to America—this, nearly 2,000 years before the official discovery of the New World by Christopher Columbus.²⁵

Despite the visceral reaction of skeptics, professional or otherwise, to mere mention of Plato’s lost civilization, they cannot escape an abundance of archeological data connecting Michigan’s prehistoric copper enterprise with the Old World Bronze Age. The middleman standing in between these two continents could only have been Atlantis. That kingdom, its outpost in Louisiana, colossal mining in the Upper Great Lakes Region, millennia of regular voyages between ancient Europe and pre-Columbian America—everything was lost and forgotten during an intense dark age that shrouded the memory of mankind for nearly 500 years. With the gradual emergence of Classical Greece in the 9th century B.C., all the accomplishments of former times were recollected only as vague myths.

Lake Superior’s 5,000 copper pits only gradually came to light during the mid-19th century; North America’s first city at Poverty Point was recognized a century later, transoceanic connections between the Old and New worlds before Columbus are controversial; and Atlantis is still locked in legend. If nothing else, these grand examples from the deep past demonstrate man’s capacity for cultural amnesia and the fragility of his civilization. ♦

“Is it possible that the legendary Atlantis was right here in the New World, and not the Old World as many think?”

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MARC ROLAND is a self-educated expert on World War II and ancient European cultures but is equally at home writing on American history and prehistory. He is also a prolific book and music reviewer for the PzG, Inc. website (www.pzg.biz) and other politically incorrect publishers and CD producers in the U.S. and overseas. He lives near Madison, Wisconsin. Roland has seen many of his articles published in the pages of THE BARNES REVIEW over the last several years.

The Real Lincoln

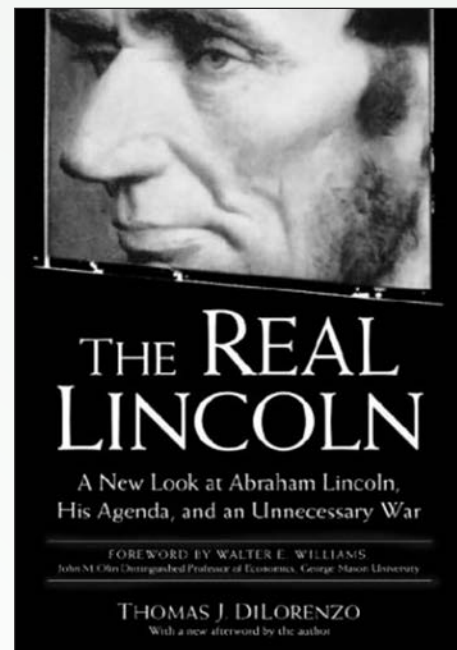
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